Attractions For February

THE EDITOR'S WOOING, a Canadian short story, (illustrated.)
By W. Lutton, Montreal.

A VISIT TO THE HOME FOR INCURABLES.
By J. H. Wetherald.

HER VALENTINE, a Sketch.
By Marguerite Evans, of Georgetown, Ont.

LADIES' JOURNAL

FEBRUARY.

1895.

RENUNCIATION.

First I gave my springtime up—
Daffodil and buttercup.
Then I gave my summer over—
Crimson rose and purple clover,
Autumn, too, I yielded up—
Every red-bronze acorn cup,
What is left for me to yield?
Snow is hiding bush and field,
All the birds have southward flown;
In the Northland I alone
Stand with empty arms, bereft,
Having only winter left.

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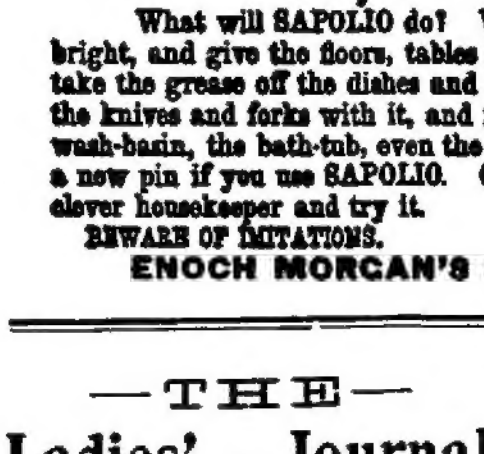

Boy's Nickel Watch.

Will—"What time is it?" Tom—"Just half-past nine by my watch." "Where did you get your watch, Tom?" said Will. "Oh! haven't you heard," said Tom, "that THE LADIES' JOURNAL is almost giving them away? All you have to do is just get 3 subscribers at a dollar each, ($3) for that dandy paper and on will come the watch. My brother got one years ago and it's running yet. The works are splendid, and nickel cases are just the thing for boys." "Hurrah, I must get one," said Will.

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And graved in Paradise.
Set round with three times eight,
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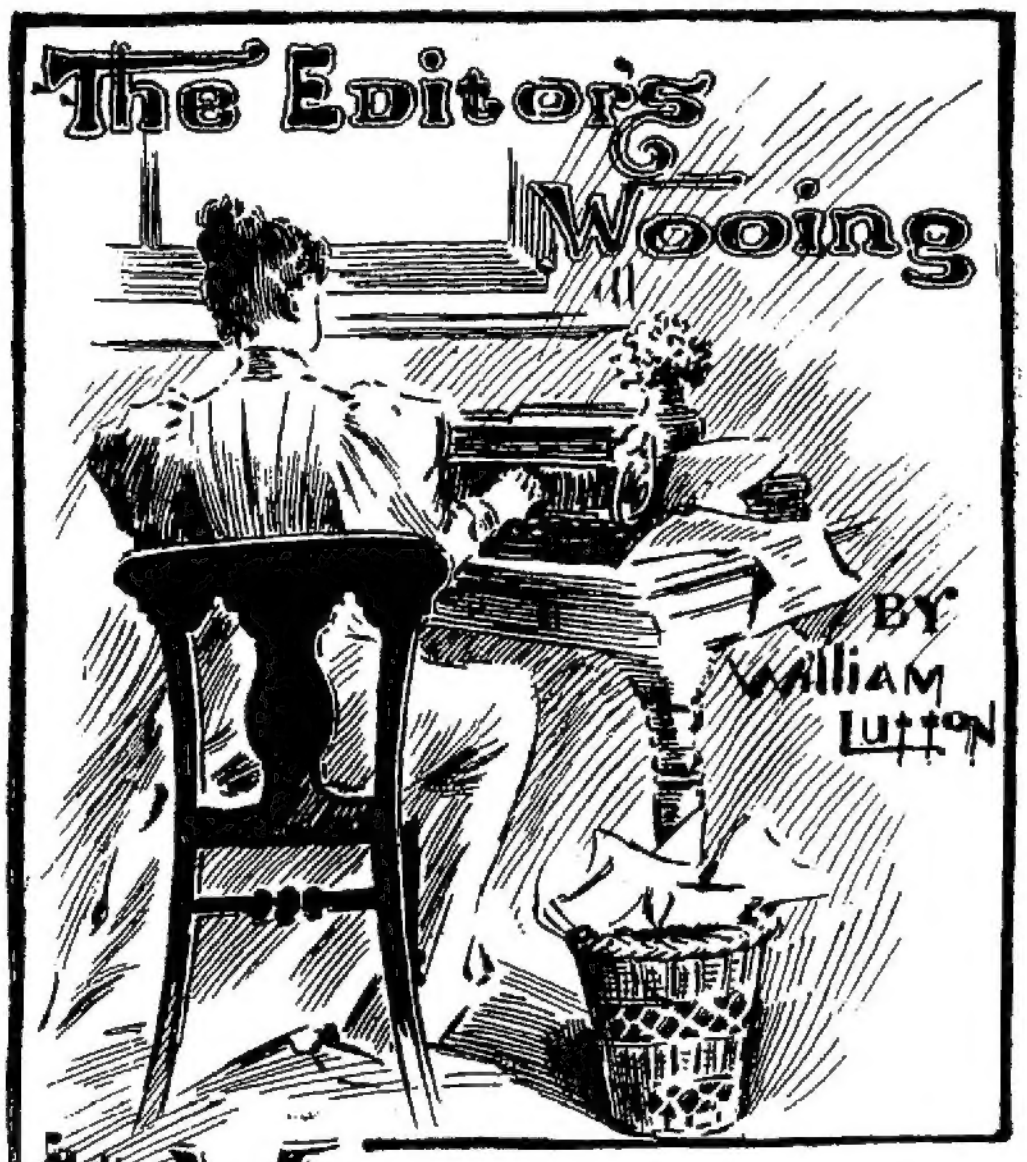
THE LADIES JOURNAL

VOL. XVII. No. 2. TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1895. $1.00 PER YEAR.

For the Ladies' Journal.



WHEN the electric street car passed the door of John Mayne on Ontario street, Montreal, the old man looked sorrowfully at his little bit of garden. "A brutal prose has robbed you of delight," he murmured. "Here was a little poem to gladden an otherwise barren street. Here was benediction when the bald highway baked, and burned in the hot glare. Ah, my pansies, my hyacinths, my marigolds, no wonder you tremble, no wonder you lament. This thing they call rapid transit is the barbarous Cossack who ravishes innocence in her retirement, trampling beauty and repose beneath his iron heel. Ah, my little garden, you and I are out of date. In a world where there is no longer leisure, and where the struggle of life constantly deepens in ferocity, what room is there for simple old people like you and me? The modern invades and overwhelms us. First, they covered the street with asphalt, which is as unimaginative as a door nail; then they put up the electric light, which has murdered the poetry of the shadows—populous with dreams and fancies to the young imagination—and made bathos of the divine sadness of the moon; and now listen to the shriek of that trolley; see that devil's fire playing like the frightful gleam of the eye of Lucifer; note modernity with its ruthless crunch, crunch—ah, my poor trempling pansies!—Ugh, you brute!"

As the old man apostrophized the passing car, with a knitted brow, a soft voice said, "Why, uncle, you are at it again; but, there, I know you'll never adopt modern conditions, whereas I am modern from head to foot. But then you were brought up in the country, while I, instead of hearing the whistle of the robin, have been greeted since childhood with the screech of steam."

"The next thing they'll do will be to parcel out Mount Royal in town lots." The old man spoke fretfully, pursuing his own thoughts, and not answering the soft voice.

The owner of this voice was Esther Mayne, a tall young woman of twenty-one, with dark eyes, a mass of brown hair, and a saucy wilfulness of disposition which well became her youth and grace.

When her parents died old John Mayne, her uncle, and his wife, took the orphan girl, and made her their own. A nature less pure and good might have been spoiled by the love which the childless couple lavished upon the young girl; but Esther grew up to womanhood with a loving heart, a simple faith, and a nature unconquerably optimistic. When Mrs. Mayne died, which event occurred when Esther was seventeen, the latter became more than ever endeared to the lonely old man.

"And suppose they do," said Esther, answering her uncle. "I like beauty, but I like progress better, I think. The electric car is the symbol of progress. I believe in giving the people power, satisfied that every community and nation will ultimately be bettered by the use which the people will make of it. I believe in the ballot for men, and—but there, I won't say women, uncle," and Esther laughed merrily. "I know that is one of your horrors. I think I would like to have the power to determine the character of the men who make the laws which affect my life, and under which I must live."

"Go on, go on," said the old man gloomily, "I expect to hear that you will want to ride a bicycle next."

"Well—no," was the slow reply. "I have thought this thing out, and I have decided that the bicycle is not graceful. A woman should before all things be graceful. Her status, her influence, her power, is determined by the degree of gracefulness to which she attains. We have worn some monstrous things, I admit, but the costume which makes cycling safe for women must always be a horror to every æsthetic nature. I do not ask what men think of it. I know in my heart that it is a barbarism. No, uncle, I shall not consent to make myself ungraceful in order to keep a fad in countenance. But I am for equal, moral and civil laws, and I am just dying to show the men how much better we would vote than they have voted hitherto. Your garden is very well, dear uncle; I love to tend the flowers, too; but give me Edison as the incarnation of the spirit of the age. But there, uncle, it is not a disquisition that I care for just now, but a concrete fact. My application to the Editor of the Montreal Despatch has been successful. He has offered to make me his secretary—whose duties will be to take charge of his correspondence, and do a little shorthand and typewriting."

The old man's face brightened at once. "This is good news, Esther, and I congratulate you. You know I never wanted this; there is enough for both of us; but I admire your spirit of independence, which is typical of our young country, and I wish you success."

AH, MY POOR PANSIES.

MR. CAUSTIC YOU WILL HAVE TO SPRUCE UP.

"His name is Caustic, uncle; such a curious name for one so mild looking."

"Ah, but Esther, do you read the leading articles in the Despatch?"

"No, but I suppose I will soon be writing them from his dictation, for Mr. Caustic said that one of his reasons for employing me was his bad writing. He says the printers are always grumbling at it, and have more than once threatened to strike. 'I don't wonder at the poor devils,' he said, 'for half the time I can't read it myself.'"

"Well, there's not much mildness in his articles I can tell you," said the uncle. "Why, it is vitriol, not ink, with which he writes. He makes the aldermen writhe; he robs the designing contractor of his honest sleep. But when, in his political articles, he comes to deal with the Opposition, there—there he is great. Why," said the old man, rubbing his hands gleefully, as one who tastes a fresh delight through remembrance, "the Despatch just makes the Opposition howl. It uses a rapier, and, instead of breaking bones, reaches the vitals at every thrust. Caustic? Ha, ha, a very good name, indeed. Do the Opposition pose as patriots? He tears their mask aside, and reveals them in all their hypocrisy. Do they talk about virtue? He convicts them of the meanest self-seeking. Do they carefully cover the sepulchre with gold leaf? He strips the gilding off, and discloses the skeleton. Mild? Study that fellow, Esther, and tell me what you think of him."

John Caustic, aged thirty, editor of the Montreal Despatch, was as mild a looking fellow as ever made a large population tremble before the editorial "we." He was tall, thin and pale and fair, and his blue eyes, which looked upon life and the despairing persons whom he stabbed to the heart with his blue pencil, were as soft as a baby's before that heartless tyrant has learned all the power of anger which blue eyes can express. His moustache was a little backward, even at thirty, but if this be considered a disadvantage, I hasten to add that he had a straight nose of which, in self-complacent moments, (rare enough, God knows), he was a little proud. Mr. Caustic's brow was regal in its breadth, a palpable suggestion of power. Mr. Caustic wrote articles which made, as Uncle Mayne put it, wrong-doers writhe; but it was his delight to effect this by a biting satire of so subtle and penetrating a sort that it reached the heart without seemingly making visible wounds. But the face never flushed, the eye never flashed; the countenance expressed, if anything, a mild pity, while the pen, driven at a furious pace, literally wrote death sentences. If Mr. Caustic indulged a fierce delight, it was in profound recesses of his being, from which no sound nor ray of light ever reached to the surface.

"I almost doubt," said Mr. Caustic, looking rather earnestly into the glass in his room at the boarding house, "I almost doubt the wisdom of appointing Miss Mayne to the position. To be associated with a fine young woman so closely even for business purposes will be something new, something, perhaps, disagreeable to me. I suppose I will have to be a little more careful about my dress. I can't smoke, of course; and I suppose I shall have to abandon the luxury of swearing at the dull people who think I have nothing better to do than read their inane stuff. Well—I'm bound to try the experiment. Miss Mayne, I feel sure, is a capable girl. Those black eyes how fearlessly they looked at me! Miss Mayne is a fine girl."

Mr. Caustic had arranged a room adjoining his own in the office of the Despatch for Miss Mayne's use. He had a rug put on the floor, and a few prints on the wall. It was not much, but when Esther glanced round the room, noted the desk, typewriter, rug and pictures she gave Mr. Caustic a satisfied look with those big black eyes which had a rather disconcerting effect upon the famous editor.

Mr. Caustic proceeded to dictate an article upon "corruption in politics," which, in its bitter satire, was a revelation to Esther who, looking up from her work now and then, met a pair of the mildest blue eyes that ever were found in a baby's head. She puzzled herself trying to reconcile the contradiction between the eyes and the bitterness she noted in every line she wrote.

"Oh, uncle," cried Esther, upon the evening of the first day spent in the Despatch office, "it is too ridiculous."

"What is too ridiculous?"

"Why, you know, all this ferocity in the Despatch this evening, and all that mildness in Mr. Caustic's blue eyes."

"Well, this affords an interesting study. You expect a tepid flow from a man like this, and he gives you a flood of lava. You look for a combination of works without backbone, and he smites with the terse epigram. Did I not say study this Mr. Caustic?"

"Why, uncle, this man who wields such a power, to whom a manufacturer's deputation to-day was so humble, whose words are like death sentences—I do not seem to be afraid of. Is that not ridiculous? But I must tell you, uncle, that, looking at him while, with eyes staring at vacancy, he launches his most withering satire at the heads of the corrupt politicians, I could hardly keep from laughing. Of course, this was a very wicked and dreadful feeling. But why should a man whose business it is to say such cruel things have such babyish blue eyes? Why should a man look benignant when he is smiting his fellow mortals to the earth? Why should nature have given Mr. Caustic the aspect of Tom Pinch while at the same time she egged him on to be an intellectual pugilist, delighting in the carnage of the pen? Shall I tell you something, uncle?" Esther leaned a little across the tea table. "I suspect that this doughty editor, who, as mild looking as a young lamb, makes everybody tremble, is—is—afraid of me. There!"

"Nonsense, child."

"No nonsense, uncle," replied Esther, with a very musical laugh. "He's an old bugbear, you know, uncle, and I saw that the idea of having a woman near him quite put him out. I have not a great deal of experience, but I know that helpless look in men when they see, by hat, jacket and gloves, that a woman has taken possession. And I found him watching me in a doubtful, scared sort of way. Am I not wicked, uncle? But, there, I always tell you everything, and it is only my nonsense."

"I am not sure about it."

That was what Mr. Caustic said to himself many times upon the evening of that first day's work in company with Esther. "There is the constraint of the situation. My articles to-day were unusually poor. I knew that as I went on. I fear I can never dictate with success. When I wanted to burn the rascals as with aquafortis, I found those big, dark eyes fixed upon me, and then it seemed so asinine to have a quarrel with anybody. Look here, Caustic," jumping up suddenly and regarding himself fiercely in the mirror of the bedroom, "don't make an ass of yourself."

The next morning a bunch of lillies of the valley graced Esther's desk.

As the days went on there was a noticeable

I HAVE NO ARTICLE IN MY HEAD TO-DAY, MISS MAYNE.

change in the tone of the articles in the Despatch. At first, perhaps, this would not have been observed, but in the course of a fortnight, the editorials were charged with such a spirit of conciliatoriness as surprised and disgusted a great many readers who looked regularly to the Despatch for their "seasoning," as the readers of the Saturday Review look to that journal for malignant cynicism.

"I am losing my grip," Mr. Caustic told himself many times during this fortnight. "Where is my power of invective? How is it that I no longer feel a fierce delight in killing the tricksters with an epigram? How is it that instead of that biting satire which I could use when alone, I now coo as mild as a sucking dove? Miss Mayne is a fine girl; those dark eyes—confound it, I believe I have thought of nothing else since I first saw them. And I think—I think," said Mr. Caustic, very sternly, "that Miss Mayne sees a certain hollowness in this

I AM LOST!

journalistic vehemence and laughs—yes, laughs at the lanky, insipid chap who would fain pose as an irresistible power smiting evil as with the hammer of Thor. Shall I not confess to myself that it is refreshing to see the young thing sitting in my office? How fearless, yet how womanly? As I sit beside her to dictate, I can almost feel her breath. Why, even her hat, her jacket, her gloves, inanimate as they are, make me feel at peace with every villain in the blessed city. And when she lifts up those big, dark eyes, those velvet eyes, so deep—oh, Lord, have I gone daft?"

"She laughs at me," groaned John Caustic. "She sees that I love her. No wonder she laughs." Mr. Caustic laughed bitterly himself. "To think of her at all is an act of the greatest daring. An old fogy like me, lanky and flabby! She likes men of force. And, Caustic, let me tell you, that you are an unmitigated ass."

Esther was not always busy in the office, and in leisure moments she availed herself of the library, which contained some good books. Once he found Cowper open on her desk, and he thought he saw the stain of a tear upon the page in which the poet addresses the picture of his dead mother.

"She pretends to be superior to sentiment," thought Mr. Caustic; "this is very good."

"I thought you despised poetry, Miss Mayne," said Mr. Caustic one morning shortly afterwards.

"I never said so."

"Did you not ridicule me for being poetical?"

"I would have no right to do that."

"But I think you did it just the same. I see you like Keats, and Tennyson, and Shelley. These are my favorites."

"Can I help that?"

"Come, Miss Mayne, why not be friendly with me? I think you take a delight in distressing me. It would be a great pleasure to me and a great honor, if you could think of me as a friend. I know I am a crusty old fellow."

"I never said so."

"No, you never said so, but I fear you have thought it. And then you admire forceful men, and I fear you think I am a nerveless creature."

"You have no right, Mr. Caustic to think that I think of you at all."

"You are quite right, it is a great presumption."

"I did not say so, but will you proceed with the article, Mr. Caustic?"

"The article? To the—I have no article in my head, I can't help it, you know, Miss Mayne."

"Can't help what?"

"Can't help thinking of you. I've tried to, but it's no use. I felt from the start that I was lost. I had never been accustomed to the society of women. Your presence in this office seemed to make me young, and put a new heart in my breast. Don't stop me, Miss Mayne, I can't help it. You seemed to supply something I had missed all my life. As I watched your white fingers flying over the keys, I felt like catching and kissing them. Not a bit of use looking at me like that," said Mr. Caustic, now grown quite reckless. "Reproach me, if you like; call it presumption, what you will. Yes, and your hat, your jacket, your gloves, seemed sweet sentient things to me. All at once, I found my scheme of life inadequate. I hated political lampooning. I dreamt of a home and saw you in it—"

"Mr. Caustic, the article—"

"Confusion seize upon the article! Now, Miss Mayne—Esther—I know I possess nothing which would recommend me to you notice. I am nearly ten years older than you; I am twenty years older in feeling; and instead of having that aggressive, strenuous look which I believe women like to see in a man, I am ridiculously mild and inoffensive looking. Have we nothing, then, in common? You like Keats?"

"Yes."

"You like his 'Ode to a nightingale?'"

"I love it."

"So do I. And Tennyson is your favorite?"

"Yes."

"What of Tennyson's do you like best?"

PLEASE, SIR, THE FOREMAN SAYS HE WILL HAVE TO LOCK UP THE FORM IF YOU HAVE NOT THAT ARTICLE READY.

"In memoriam."

"So do I. Is not this a something? Does not this constitute a bond between us? And I suppose you were not quite in earnest about married life being a bondage?"

"It frequently is, but I do not think it need necessarily always be so."

"Good, very good. Oh, Miss Mayne—may I—may I hope?"

"Mr. Caustic, do you know that it is now ten o'clock, and you have not dictated a single line of that article on—by the way, what is the subject this morning? something pastoral, I suppose; the delights of rural life; Bulwer Lytton and big squashes?"

"There, there!" cried Caustic, in desperation, "I knew it. Very well; despise me. That, of course, is the only feeling I could possibly evoke in your breast."

Mr. Caustic rose, paced the floor, and folded his arms across his breast with the tragic air of a man who has received his death sentence, but has made up his mind not to give in.

"I never said I despised you. And how do you know what feeling you could possibly evoke in my breast?"

"I know what it is very well."

"No, you don't."

"You despise me, while I love you with all the force of my nature."

"Why do you laugh at me then?" answered Mr. Caustic fiercely. "Why do you make fun of me when I never was so terribly in earnest in all my life? when I love those wretched senseless keys because your fingers have touched them; when I have kept every stump of a pencil you have thrown away for the last two months. Do you think," said Mr. Caustic, in a desperate voice, "that because it is my cursed luck to have to smite people in the paper, that I am destitute of those feelings of—er—tenderness which we acknowledge to exist in the breast of the coal heaver?"

"I have some sense of humor, Mr. Caustic." Esther gave the editor a quick glance, and then cast down those eyes which had haunted him for the past two months."

"What has that to do with the case?" demanded Mr. Caustic, moodily.

And I have been more accustomed to the intellectual pugilist than to the man of sentiment—"

"What has that—"

"And one may laugh a little at the contrast, without—"

"Without what?"

"Without despising either character."

"Thanks, Miss Mayne, so you don't quite despise me. What a consolation?"

"Don't be sarcastic, Mr. Caustic, sarcasm does not sit well on you."

"Answer me one question, Miss Mayne?"

Mr. Caustic planted himself firmly in front of Esther, who was sitting at the typewriting machine.

"What do you think of me?"

Esther gave him a fleet glance. "I think—you—are—a—goose—"

"Oh, indeed; oh, very good! ha; ha."

"Not to see" (and the velvet eyes looked full upon him reproachfully) —"that a girl may rail all the better to hide—"

"Wait, wait, for God's sake, Esther; give me time to kick myself. I am the greatest donkey—the most unmitigated—to hide what, Esther—to hide what—quick, quick—"

"Her—heart."

"Thank heaven! My glorious darling! What! the lanky, crusty old editor to win a bright beautiful woman—"

There was a smart tap at the door, and then there was the elfin face of the printer's devil.

"Please, Sir, the foreman says he will have to lock up the form if you have not that article ready?"

"The article? Ha, ha! Tell the foreman he may—but no, I'll see him myself."

And then John Caustic did the most daring thing of his life—he stooped down and kissed Esther on the mouth.

A VISIT TO THE HOME FOR INCURABLES.

For The Ladies' Journal.

BY J. H. WETHERALD.

THE choice of names is very often altogether foreign to the objects named, but this is not the case regarding the title of the Home for Incurables, for it is a home in very deed and truth.

The wily advertiser makes "home comforts" the bait by which he lands the fish into the household net, but these comforts are often a delusion and a snare consisting principally of sad home made bread and intimate acquaintance with the numerous members of the family.

Out at the Home for Incurables, however, all is veritably "homelike," both as regards the association of patients and nurses, and also regarding the truly restful and cheerful surroundings.

My visit was made one cold, clear morning in January, when the frosty air sent the blood tingling through the veins, and rapid walking was necessary to keep the blood circulating. The change to the almost tropical condition of the home was very grateful. Warmth is the main factor in the comfort of the aged and infirm and without its genial influence food and shelter would be almost valueless.

Broad halls, sunny south aspect for sitting rooms, and enclosed verandas for smokers are some of the main features noticeable upon entering, but the attention is immediately riveted upon the faces and forms of the incurables.

A glance at the left of the entrance reveals the men's sitting-room, a large, well lit, well heated, neatly furnished room. Here in easy chairs and some not so easy, may be seen a large number of male patients. "Good morning," said my bright escort, "I have brought some one to see you." "Good morning Miss, good morning to you," came from many throats. When a little wave of embarrassment overcame the visitor, kindly and sympathetic glances were turned toward her. "You see it is this way," I said in a whisper to my escort, "I expected to see a number of wholly dejected people sitting and lounging and grumbling their lives away; but instead I found earnest, sympathetic faces, showing the marks of suffering, 'tis true, but showing more plainly a patience and peacefulness hardly to be imagined in such sufferers.

One man was reading, ostensibly to a blind companion, but the whole roomful was listening. If there is one thing they enjoy more than another it is being read to. The eyesight of a large number is defective owing to disease, and time must necessarily drag heavily. Dominos, checkers and chess help to pass the time, however, and it is astonishing the enthusiasm exhibited by the veterans. I never so earnestly wished to be able to say "my time is my own," so that I could read by the hour to those patient sufferers.

Those who are able, assist in the garden in summer and about the house in winter, but the greater number are unable to do work of any kind. Comparatively few, however, are entirely bedridden, the large majority moving painfully and slowly about with the aid of crutches, canes and chairs.

The men occupy the first floor. The women the second floor, while the third is reserved for most acute cases of both sexes.

Very few of the women are able to get about as the men do and meals are served in the women's sitting room for those who are not able to descend to the dining-room. Each patient is allowed perfect liberty to arrange and decorate and titivate her little room just as much as she likes, the result in some cases being rather comical. Bright colored tissue paper is a favorite decoration, and it would do your heart good to see the smile of conscious pride when the cheerful appearance and decorations of the room are noticed. Some of the rooms particularly the private wards are even daintily furnished, but none of the furniture is too fine for human nature's daily use. The apartments of the superintendent, Mrs. Craigie, are cosy and central. The Board room is an exceptionally charming one, with its old-time fireplace which lacks nothing but the andirons to complete it. (This is mentioned so that any reader possessing a pair of andirons and not being very sure what to do with them, will kindly remember that there is a vacant place eminently suited for them in the grand fireplace at the Home for Incurables.)

The "Cameron wing" and the "Gooch wing" are complete in themselves, richly but plainly furnished, and are frequently used to afford a change of scene and surrounding to the most acute sufferers. The dining-room, which also does duty as a chapel, is attractive and cheerful, and at meal times animated. It is one of the sights of the institution to see those tables covered with well prepared, appetizing food, and surrounded by thankful looking patients, whose eager request for a second help is delightful to hear and proves that sick folks can eat when the food is the right kind, and regular living and and cleanly habits give them an appetite.

The washing in the huge laundry down in the basement is as huge nearly as the basement itself, and the bed clothing, as might be expected, is very hard to wash. Hundreds of sheets and pillow cases and towels are washed in the huge revolving machines, and dried with hot air and mangled while you wait, that is if you wait long enough.

Three huge furnaces with a daily (winter) capacity of about three tons of coal, keep the patients very warm and comfortable. The kitchen, with its huge range, on which to cook the appetizing meals before mentioned, is a prominent feature of the basement. The storerooms, and cold storage department, are well furnished with the latest and freshest of articles of diet.

So much for the building, and its various apartments, but what shall I say of the incurables themselves.

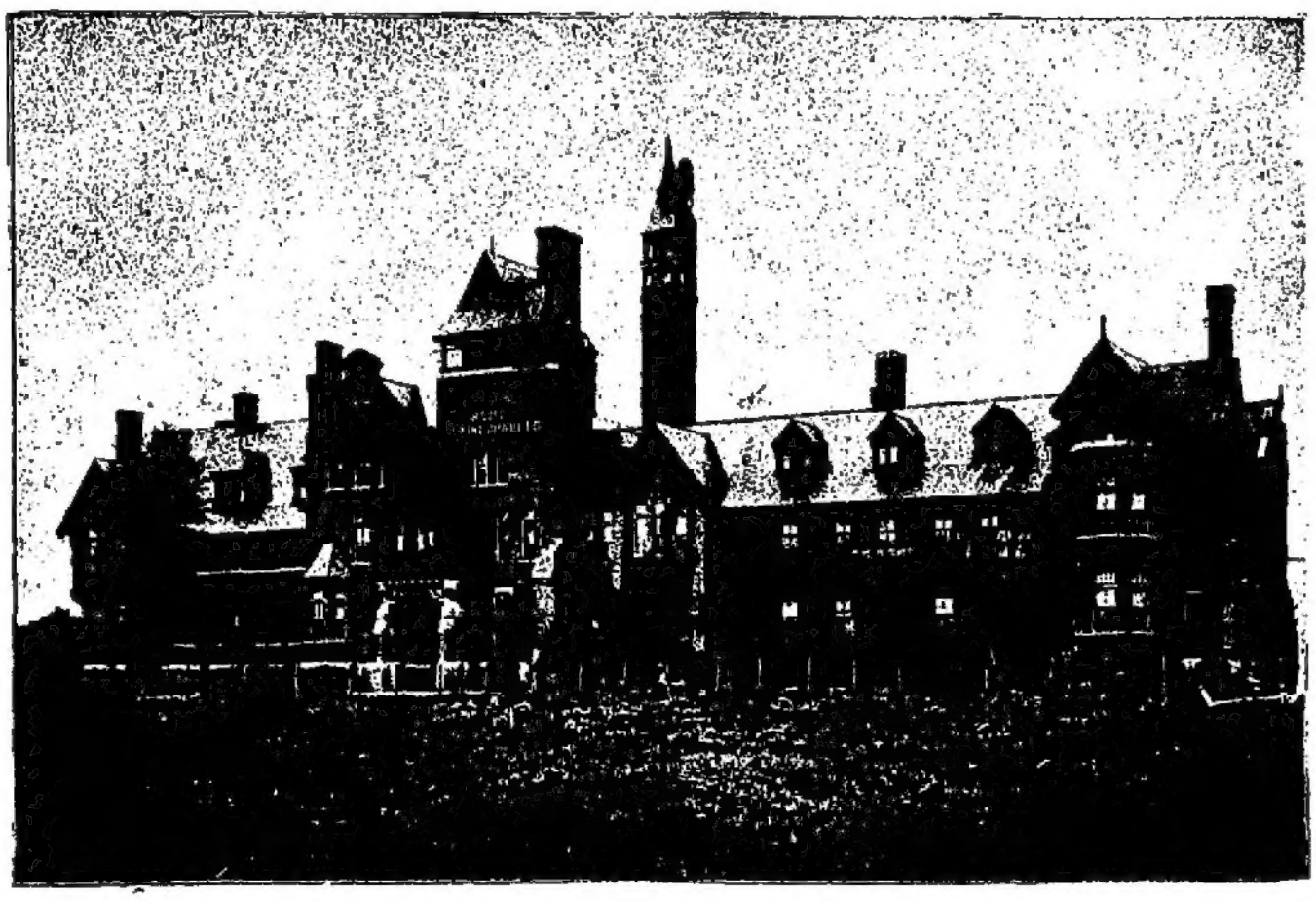
What struck me most forcibly, as I before stated, was their patience through suffering. It would give me great pleasure to mention the names of very many of the interesting patients now in the Home, but should I begin I would not know where to end. There are in the home a number who are compelled to suffer from day to day, and have no power even to move to obtain a change. These sweet souls lie so patiently in their beds and look so smilingly up into your face that you are stricken dumb with a sense of shame for your own conduct under some petty trials, and all you can do is to take their white soft hand in yours and hold it a moment and say simply nothing. Some of these dear patients are knitting and crocheting with evident relish, although the action must bring pain, and when laughingly joked by my escort about making their fortunes, smiled appreciatively and went on working. Up in the consumptive ward is a young man with the look of an angel, such a sweet smile is rarely seen upon the face of a mortal. In one of the rooms a dear old aunty looked sweetly up into my face and said, "wasn't it sad I broke my leg?" "Yes, that was too bad," I said cheerfully, "but it's all right," sweetly came the words from her. The cancer patients aroused my sympathies to their highest extent, as did also a dear old man crippled with rheumatism. His hands looked like the roots of a tree, and his pitiful story of what a poor night he had, was touching in the extreme. But there was not a patient visited, nor a sufferer spoken to but what when asked how they were this morning, the answer invariably would be "A little better thank you." How that sentence rings in the ears of the writer yet, "A little better thank you;" when it was easy to be seen that to many of the sufferers the veil between the seen and the unseen was even now being rent by the Great Physician, and ere many days had passed they would be in the blessed land of rest.

One of the greatest sufferers had passed away a few hours before my arrival, and there was general mourning, but through it all a feeling of real thankfulness that for Maria Simpson, the little cripple, perhaps the greatest sufferer of the whole 125 of the patients, there would be no more pain.

Miss Simpson has been quite a character in her day. An ardent, enthusiast in temperance work, she edited and compiled a book upon the subject that was helpful in disseminating her views, and also her money. Miss Simpson was a general favorite alike with visitors, nurses, and inmates. Her great patience under suffering was marvellous. Toward the close of her life, when her poor back was a mass of abscesses, she cut out many texts in fanciful shapes, her favorite one being "Jesus Only."

The Salvation Army, of which Miss Simpson was a loyal supporter, had charge of the funeral.

After thus making the acquaintance (generally)



TORONTO HOME FOR INCURABLES.

of the patients, a word or two regarding the nurses superintendent and physicians will no come amiss.

The nurses, ten in number, are volunteers, and are a healthy, happy, sympathetic band. As a rule these go in for regular training after leaving the Home. The head nurse, Miss McTavish, is a graduate of a training school and an altogether capable personage. Miss Eccelstone, the housekeeper, who was my genial escort in the enforced absence of Mrs. Craigie, is a thorough, painstaking, energetic woman, whose duties are as numerous as the proverbial preacher's family. There has been a change of resident physicians lately, Dr. Wickson, whom I knew, having gone to Edinborough to take a post graduate course. Though absent in body he is assuredly present in spirit with the sufferers in the Home, who speak of him in words of highest praise; so much so that my statement, "I knew him," was an open sesame to their hearts. He was a large-hearted, large-bodied Christian gentleman, and his words and deeds of sympathy are kept green in the hearts of the patients. His successor is a man of totally different ilk, boyish looking, not troubled with an over abundance of sympathy, but clever withal, quick witted and jolly; but one can readily perceive that the patients are not wholly reconciled as yet to the change.

The superintendent, Mrs. Craigie, was confined to her room, and bed the day of my visit, but did not let that prevent my making her acquaintance, and through her gaining fuller knowledge of the Home and its workings; not even when I constituted myself a veritable interrogation point, and poured question after question into her willing ear, did she falter, but cheerfully and graphically proved that statistically and generally she was a veritable "bureau of information."

The following answers suggest my numerous questions: "Yes, this institution is only partially a government institution. 15 cents a day for each patient being the limit, gifts, legacies, collections, etc., etc., go to make up the balance. No, we are not the aristocratic holders of red-tape that we are sometimes accused of being, nor are our portals opened only when our palms are crossed with gold, no, no! It is surprising the ignorance that exists regarding this place. Would that it were in our power to receive all the incurables who present themselves, but we must discriminate. Could the people but see how each application is weighed at the board meetings and discussed and thought about, we would not hear such sentences as 'oh there is no use you trying to get in there, there is so much red tape.' The Home is full; no vacancies for men and just one or two for women. One more now, though it is hard to realize Maria Simpson has gone. Of the 122 patients now in the Home 89 are free patients, the rest paying a stated sum weekly, so you can judge Miss Editor that the outgo in money matters comes closely up to the income. The food is the best the city affords, the place is kept comfortably warm (a rare thing in such institutions) and the home feeling, and home-like surroundings are remarked by every visitor."

During my most pleasant interview with Mrs. Craigie, I met Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Winnet and Mrs. Gowanlock, all leading workers in connection with the institution, and I left after promising to come some day and literally take my knitting and stay all day with Mrs. Craigie and her dear charges in the Home for Incurables.

Godey's Magazine for January contains a superb frontispiece by Newman; The Munger Collection of Pictures with 25 magnificent illustrations; an article on Fair Women, with pictures of some of the most beautiful women in America; a ghost story, by Miss Mitchell; and besides these there are short stories, accounts of travel in Russia and Italy, and Godey's Fashions. The Godey Company, 32 Lafayette Place, N.Y.

For the Ladies' Journal.

HER VALENTINE

THE postman handed it to her through the little wicket, and with eager hand she clutched it, and clasping it tightly hurried home, heedless of the many enquiring eyes which watched her from the village store, which was post-office as well.

It meant so much to her, she was almost afraid to open it; but at last, in the seclusion of her own room, she broke the seal. Merciful heaven! what was it, that writing! She knew it only too well, but it was not what she had expected! With staring, fascinated eyes she read:

MY DEAR WIFE,—I am free; was liberated on account of good behavior and I am coming to you.

ROBERT.

Free, and coming to her,—she repeated the word "free," over and over again, in accents of terror. Whatever should she do. How could she live and endure this disgrace which had fallen upon her. California had seemed such a long, long way off, she had fancied herself secure, had told herself over and over again, that no one would ever know, and now, oh the horror of it, everyone would know. Everyone! She buried her face in her hands to hide the flush of shame which mounted to it. She, a lawfully wedded wife, whose husband was alive, had called herself a widow, had acted a living lie for ten years. Ten only! it seemed a hundred. She had allowed herself to be wooed, almost won, by one of the noblest of men. What would he say when he knew, he who scorned a lie above all things? And her children, her proud, beautiful darlings, for whose sake she had sinned, what would they say, what would they think! She had told them their father was dead, and he was alive; a drunkard, a swindler, a thief, a common jail-bird, forever disgraced.

The Almighty had dealt very bitterly with her. She was a poor, weak woman, but she had not meant to sin. She had said her husband was dead, and was he not dead to her? She had sacrificed her peace of mind for her children's sake, was she not to be commended for that? How could she bear to have them disgraced before the eyes of the world by owning that the notorious swindler, Henry Dunbar, was their father? His sentence had been imprisonment for life; how was she to know that he would be allowed to go free at the end of ten years on account of his good behavior? How was she to know that he would recover, when only a month before the chaplain of the prison had written to her saying that he was dangerously ill and could not live more than a few weeks at most?

Then, and then only had she allowed herself to dream of love and happiness with the man who had patiently wooed her during all the ten years of her supposed widowhood.

Oh the bitter irony of life! Only last night she had experienced such a blessed sense of relief, had felt sure that the husband who had made life a burden to her was dead, and that soon, very soon, word would come to her, telling her that she was free to marry the man she loved, and who only last night had spoken so significantly of the "Valentine" which he was going to send her on the morrow.

"Why could he not have died?" she asked herself passionately. "It was his duty to die, it was the only thing he could do to redeem his past. Good men were dying every day, men who were honored and beloved, why should one so dishonored and hated, yes hated—she hissed the words between her clenched teeth. Why should he live on?"

Her dainty high-bred Helen would know no bright, happy maidenhood. She would be shunned by her companions as a girl whose father was a thief, a forger, and had actually been in prison; they might even pretend to be afraid of having their pocket handkerchiefs and things stolen when she was around,—some girls were mean enough for that sort of thing. And Percy, her bright high-spirited Percy would have his boyhood imbittered by the taunts of his school-fellows. And Muriel, her baby, her darling, her golden-haired fairy, how her sweet face would whiten with horror, when she found that "papa" whom in her baby innocence she always spoke of as being "up in heaven" was in prison all the while.

He had loved Muriel in the days gone by, this man who was so full of faults. When she was only a tiny infant he had held her in his strong arms with looks of adoring fondness, and there had been tears in his eyes as he wished that for her sake he had been a better man, and even while he held her, the officers of the law had come and arrested him.

Oh, the awful horror of the days and weeks that had followed; she turned cold even now as she thought of it, when she learned for the first time that her elegant home of which she had been so proud, had been in reality a gambling hell, and she the innocent decoy which had lured hundreds of young men to their ruin. She had never truly loved her husband, even when she believed him to be an honorable man; she hated him with a deadly hatred when the law found him guilty of almost every crime except that of

murder and sentenced him to life-long imprisonment.

With cold, passive indifference she had visited Him in his cell; she had uttered no word of reproach she had been too bitterly wronged for that. She had told him that she was going to Canada, and that he need never expect to look on her face again; but that if he wished she would write to him once a month. He had acquiesced with sullen indifference, one favor only he asked, and that was that Baby Muriel should be brought to his cell, and she had consented. He had kissed the baby face, fiercely, passionately, had held the tiny form to his breast as if he would never, never let it go. Then his mood had changed, and he had said roughly, "Take the brat away, what do I want with it." So indignantly she had taken her child and gone, and the next day had started on her lonesome, tiresome journey, to her far-off Canadian home.

"He loved Muriel," she repeated to herself. Then a wild idea seized her. Might not his love for Muriel be the means of saving them all? If he had one spark of manhood left in him, surely if she appealed to him by his love for Muriel to spare her the shame and disgrace which acknowledgment of him would entail upon her, he would yield and go his way and leave them in peace.

* * * * *

"Mamma, where is Muriel?" cried Helen bursting into the room at that moment. "I haven't seen her since noon."

Mrs. Dunbar turned deathly white and pressed her hand to her heart. "I don't know," she answered faintly, "I haven't seen her either."

"Mamma, mamma," said Percy excitedly, as he, too, came rushing in, "There's been an accident up at Fisher's dam, and a lot of children got under the ice, and somebody said Muriel was one of them, and I'm going to see," and away he went like a flash before his terror-stricken mother could ask him any questions.

Mrs. Dunbar sat as if turned to stone. God had indeed forsaken her. She had dared in her impious thoughts to devote her child indirectly to the works of the devil and her child had been taken away from her. She had thought to match her puny strength against Omnipotence and she had been crushed. What to Him was one child more or less in the world? What to Him is woman's happiness or misery?

Who was she that she should have sought to deprive a father of his daughter's kisses? Perhaps his daughter's love might have been the means of saving him. He had sinned, grievously, heinously, but perhaps he had bitterly repented. How did she know that he had not? Who had made her his judge? Had not she also sinned, and if not so grossly as he, who had made her to differ?

"Mamma, mamma, look! there's a lot of men coming up the road and they're carrying something," cried Helen excitedly.

Carrying something! Then it was Muriel and she was dead. Human nature could bear no more. Mrs. Dunbar sank heavily to the floor in merciful unconsciousness.

When at length she opened her eyes in bewildered surprise at seeing so many anxious faces around her, she put her hand up to her brow in perplexity. Suddenly it all came back to her; the letter and Muriel's being lost, and her face contracted as if in pain. But Muriel was there, alive and well, and the mother clasped her tightly in her arms, as between frightened sobs the child told her story.

"I was on the ice with the rest, and I felt it giving away, and I tried to get off, but I was so frightened I didn't know which way to go, when a big, dark man who had been standing there for a long time, came running to me, and carried me off. It was on the opposite side from where I got on, and I didn't know which road to take to get home, and while I was standing trying to think, a pair of black horses came tearing along, and would have run over me, if the dark man hadn't caught me and thrown me off the road, I wasn't hurt a bit, but—oh, mamma!" and the child's eyes grew large with terror—"the poor man was killed, and they brought him here, and he's down in the parlor now."

The mother did not speak, but held the sobbing, trembling child close to her breast until she had hushed her to sleep. She was outwardly calm, but oh; what a tumult was in her heart! Might it not have been the child's father who had saved her life? He was tall and dark, he would doubtless recognize the child. If it were, if he had thus expiated his sin, if she were really free to marry the man who loved her, if—but she must not be indulging in any false hopes, she must see for herself, and at once.

With feverish haste she went down to the parlor, and locked the door after her. There, on a hastily improvised bier, lay an awful something covered with a sheet. With trembling limbs she approached, alternating between hope and fear. Hope that it might be the body of the husband whose return she so much dreaded, and fear, unatural woman that she was, lest it might not be. But such is life, the best of us are many times in our lives transformed into fiends.

With blanched cheeks and dilated eyes, she took hold of a corner of the sheet and raised it. Instead of the face she had confidently expected to see were a pair of large coarse shoes guiltless of blacking. She started back in terror. What fiend's trick was being played on her now? Then with a hoarse little laugh at her own stupidity, she went to the other end of the bier. With quick, nervous fingers she lifted the sheet again. Yes it was he. She almost held her breath. The beard was long and untrimmed, but the moustache still curled about his lips, the same as before; the arched eyebrows, the aquiline nose, the features regular as a woman's were all his. The eyes were closed just as she had often seen them in sleep, and the long, dark lashes swept his cheek. Fair and pure enough to be an angel he looked, with the awful majesty and repose of Death upon him.

Why had she not loved him? a good woman's love might have saved him. Her tears fell thick and fast on the silent, reproachful face. If she could only undo the past, only live her brief wedded life over again, how differently she would act, but it could not be, the priceless gift of a woman's love would have no charms for him now. But she would make him what reparation she could, his children and hers, should know that he was their father. She would tell that other one too, he whose wife she had hoped to be. He would despise her, but she deserved it, there should be no further concealment, cost what it might, and life could not be utterly lonely while she had her children.

With hands that shrank from what they were about to do, she examined all his pockets, in the fear that they might contain some papers which would be better removed from the prying eyes of those who would prepare the body for the grave. She found nothing whatever but a much worn purse, containing some small coin; and she was rebuttoning the shabby coat when her fingers felt something hard. Examination discovered next his breast a tiny morocco case. Could it be her miniature, had he really loved her so much as that? and again her tears fell fast as she pressed the spring.

The case flew open and disclosed a face wondrously beautiful, with great soulful, grey eyes, a peach-like complexion and shining brown hair. It was not her face, beside it hers was "as moonlight unto sunlight." She dropped the case as if she had been stung, and it fell on the dead man's face, the lips of the portrait touching his.

Then he had never loved her. No man could after having loved the owner of a face like that. Her face grew hard and bitter again in a moment. If he had not loved her, why had he married her? Why had he wrecked her life? He should lie in a nameless grave, he deserved it. Why should she risk her own and her children's future happiness for him? She would not. She had been a fool to think of such a thing.

She calmly replaced the portrait on the dead man's breast, and leaving him there in his awful solitude she went out into the hall. Lying on a rack there, was the Valentine which she had so eagerly expected earlier in the day. It had evidently come on the evening mail. Mechanically she lifted it and carried it to the room where her sleeping child lay. She bent over and kissed the flushed little face, lovely in its rosy health, and as she did so came the accusing thought, that but for the man lying dead below, this face would now be cold and still.

Then she opened her love-letter which somehow seemed to have lost its charm. "I have always thought that you had some secret in your life," part of the letter ran, "but whatever it may be, I shall never seek to know it, I trust you perfectly."

Was she worthy of that trust? Her face grew red with shame. She read the letter once more, then she kissed her child again and her resolve was taken. She would do what was right at whatever cost.

That night in the presence of her three children, their dead father, and the man who had asked her to be his wife, she told the whole sad story, and taking her in his arms, the latter said, "My darling, I know all about it, I was talking to the man a few minutes before the accident, "but," and his voice grew softer, "it was after I knew all that I wrote, asking you to be my wife. Will you accept your Valentine?"

MARGUERITE EVANS, Georgetown, Ont.

For the Ladies' Journal

The Hotel Keeper's Epitaph.

BY F. GORDON.

The following amusing anecdote has been resuced from oblivion by a Forest subscriber, who retells it for the benefit of our readers.

Once upon a time an Indian poet arrived on horse-back at the only hotel in a certain village in Texas. He soon explained the nature of his business to the proprietor, Mr. Edward Heezel, and also displayed to him several samples of his rhyme, suitable for obituaries, epitaphs or other purposes in general, mentioning incidentally that many persons like to know during life what is to be on their monuments, and this last idea took like a charm, and soon it was arranged that the poet was to compose an epitaph for Mr. Heezel in return for accommodations over night. The poet was soon engrossed with his poetry, and Mr. Heezel came to inspect the job very often, and about eight in the evening the poet announced that the task was half done, and read in solemn, measured tones:

"There was a man who died of late—
Whom angels did impatient wait—
With out-stretched arms and wings of love,
To waft him to the realms above.

The beautiful rhyme as read by the Indian so pleased the host that he proposed to gather his friends to hear it when finished, which the poet declared would be about eight in the morning, but he volunteered to read it while on horse-back in front of the hotel.

Early in the morning crowds were gathered at the hotel. Eight o'clock sharp and the Indian rode around to the front and all were silent as the poet read in loud tones:

There was a man who died of late—
Whom angels did impatient wait—
With outstretched arms and wings of love,
To waft him to the realms above.

But while disputing 'bout the prize—
Still hovering o'er the lower skies,
In stepped the devil like a weezel,
And away he flew with Edward Heezel.

Throwing away the sheet of manuscript and spurring his horse he left for parts unknown.

Our Home and School Page.

TO OUR READERS.

As our "Home and School" page is intended for parents and teachers we especially desire to make it both interesting and profitable to all who are directly interested in the training of children. We shall therefore take it as a favor if our readers will send us for publication short articles suitable for this page and which in their opinion will awaken interest or direct thought in the all important work of education. We shall also be pleased to receive inquiries upon any matter relating to Departmental examinations, subjects prescribed, programme of studies, etc., and will endeavor to answer in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

Please mark all correspondence "For Home and School Page." EDITOR.

In this and a few following issues we present in our first article, the discussion of some things that should be especially brought before the young, who are soon to enter upon the responsibilities of life.

SELF-RELIANCE

II.

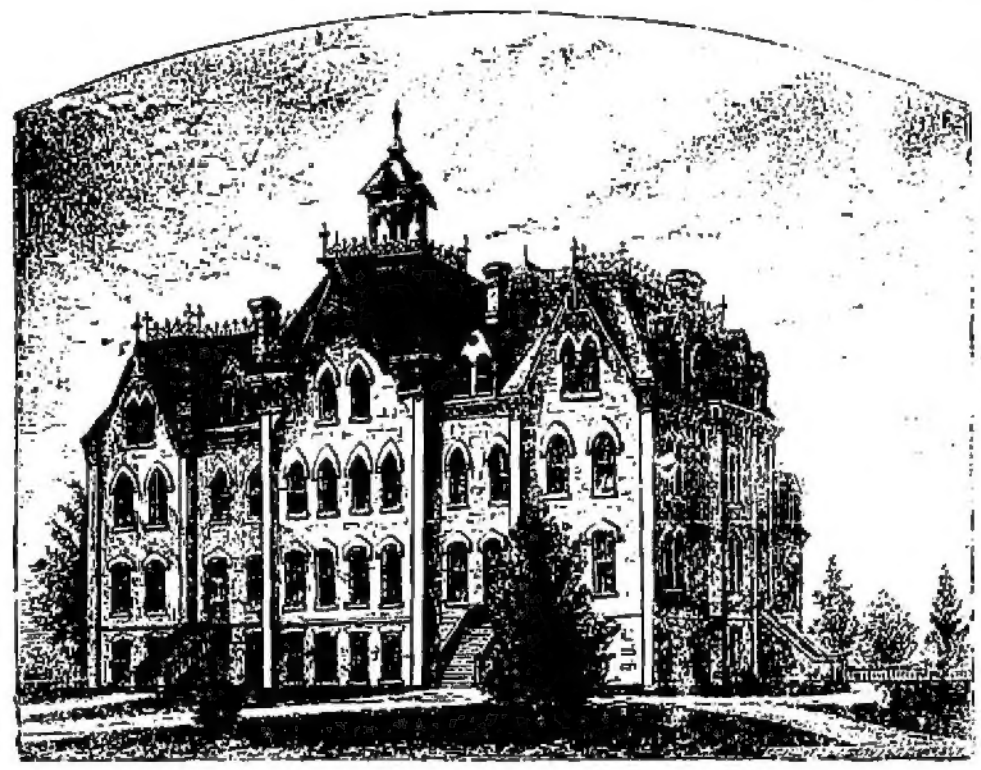
Many a young man halts on the threshold of life's battlefield, falters and faints for what he conceives to be the necessary capital. He fancies a few thousand dollars, or some influential friend to secure a good situation for him, is all he requires to assure his fortune and make him a decided success in the world.

While the advantage which may arise from the possession of capital or from the assistance of friends is not to be deprecated, yet it cannot be denied that the best capital with which a young man can set out in life is robust health, sound morals, a good education, and a will to work his way honestly and bravely in the world.

Anyone who will study the lives of men who have become famous in the world, will find that a large majority of them rose from the ranks, with no capital save intelligence, energy, economy and a will to rise and conquer. John Jacob Astor, who became the wealthiest man in America in his time, when he was leaving the Fatherland for the New World, worked his way down the river to the seaport as a deck-hand on a small timber craft, and when he arrived in America he began to earn his living by selling apples on the streets of New York. Commodore Vanderbilt laid the foundation of his colossal fortune by ferrying passengers in New York harbor at twenty-five cents apiece. The late Sir Hugh Allan of Canada began life with scarcely a dollar and died a titled millionaire. And if we look over the limited circle of our own personal acquaintance we find this truth verified on every hand, that those who occupy the most prominent positions in the community, are usually those who began at the foot of the ladder, began literally in their shirt-sleeves—yes with their shirt-sleeves rolled up to their elbows.

Too many young men whose parents happen to be well-to-do in the world, are apt to think it is not necessary for them to exert themselves. Their fathers have worked—they will be idle and enjoy themselves. Their fathers have saved—they will spend. Their fathers are thrifty and strong—they will be shiftless and lean upon them for support.

It is an old saying that those who begin with crutches usually end with crutches. When the father has passed away, when his hard-earned money has been squandered, when the habits of idleness, extravagance, dissipation, and fast living have taken a firm hold upon the young man, when the fatal results of such a life can be no longer avoided or concealed, when the character is destroyed, the physical nature undermined and the moral nature ruined, then will come out in bold relief, the sad consequences of the greatest curse that can come upon a young man of falling into such habits in youth and of leaning upon others for support when the lines are being distinctly drawn out which will bound his whole future life. If a young man is determined to begin in the opulence where his father left off, he must not complain if by and by he is compelled to leave off in the poverty where his father began. He should not be too anxious to enjoy and display his father's wealth, but should aim rather to eumlate the uprightness and the diligence of his life. By so doing he will nobly establish his own character, lay a sure foundation for his future usefulness, and bring credit to the name and gladness to the hearts of those who did so much for him in his childhood and youth.



PICKERING COLLEGE.

About 25 miles east of Toronto and a little north of the sequestered village of Pickering, stands Pickering College, the most imposing structure for miles around. Its Quaker founders, firm believers in the fresh air doctrine, laid its foundation morally as well as literally upon the heights, and time's shifting sands have had no power over it. This elevated position has its drawbacks, the principal one beimg the distance fuel and provisions have to be carried, but these are more than compensated for by the healthful air and magnificent view that greets the onlooker when the summit is reached.

To the south, as far as the eye can reach, lies lovely Lake Ontario, while in the near distance is the picturesque village of Pickering.

Pickering College was established by the Society of Friends in 1877 and rapidly gained for itself a provincial and national reputation. At the first annual reunion, held last September, ex-students in large numbers and from far distant homes assembled to honor their vigorous young Alma Mater and express their joy in the institution's present prosperity.

Co-education of the sexes is a leading feature of this college. The founders believed, as all right-minded educators should, that such association softens and rounds the character of the boys, and strengthens and makes practical the more pliable nature of the girls. That this has been the result witness the change from the hobbledehoy youth to the manly, upright (physically and morally) boy and the straightforward, non-lackadaisical girl.

Pickering College is a preparatory and collegiate boarding school, prized particularly by parents and guardian, who wish to have those under their care morally, as well as mentally, educated. Its collegiate and business courses are thorough and practical. Its staff, consisting of nine highly certificated teachers, is a most capable one. The fees are very moderate, the board good, the college well heated. For particulars, catalogues, etc., apply Principal Firth, Pickering, Ont.

The Education of Mothers.

If woman is an inferior being her education should be adapted to that inferior condition; but as all physiological and psychological research goes conclusively to prove two facts:—First, that human nature is one, and second, that differences of body do not necessarily imply differences of mind, it follows that her education in all that relates to the culture and strengthening of the soul, which includes both the intellect and the affections, should be of the same grade as that provided for man.

Everything which pertains to the development of the faculties, independent of avocations and professions, should be the same for all individuals, according to their time and opportunities, in the order of Providence.

There is no greater enemy to general eduction than the idea which seems to be growing in the minds of many, that education is not necessary to the great mass of people engaged in common pursuits; and the idea that women, not being engaged to any extent in the learned professions, do not require a high education is equally erroneous and mischievous.

The existence of one Newton does not prove that all mankind can become Newtons, but it does prove that human nature has powers capable of such sublime exhibitions of strength and learning; so the existence of such women as Mrs. Somerville and Miss Herschell, remarkable for learning and intellectual eminence, does not prove that all women may become distinguished mathematicians or astronomers, but it does prove that there is nothing in her nature and constitution, which renders such eminence and attainments naturally impossible. It proves that women have the same faculties and are capable of the same culture and acquisitions as men. They are not inferior or opposite, or totally different from men in the essential elements of character.

This established, every care should be taken to make all necessary provision therefore, because women are the first teachers of our race. There is no possible substitution. During the first five years of the infant's life, and usually much longer, almost its sole teacher is a woman, and in nine cases out of ten, mothers guide and influence their sons and daughters through the whole period of youth. Yes, their influence passes far beyond this, and directs in no small degree their pursuits and happiness in life.

If they do not teach science or literature, or govern in the selection of employments, they impress their passions, their prejudices, their views upon their children with a strength and durability, which all subsequent education and experience can scarcely efface.

The tree inclines as the twig is bent, and it is usually the mother who gives that bent to the twig. Her influence is like the silent dew of heaven; it falls on the soft soil of the soul, and every young and tender plant springs up to meet it.

This ever-present yet gentle and almost invisible influence is the greatest single influence which inclines and directs the world. In fine, both by the sympathies of nature and the principles of imitation, the mother is the model teacher of the child, and this truth furnishes at once the beginning of a perfect system of education, viz., the education of mothers.—Condensed from Mansfield.

Something to Remember.

One book or one lesson perfectly and thoroughly understood would do you more good than ten books or ten lessons not half studied.

The Ladies' Journal.

The only Paper in Canada devoted definitely to the interests of Canadian Women in all branches of their Home and Public Work.

Published the 1st of the month by

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73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

JANE H. WETHERALD, - EDITOR.

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THE WILSON PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,

73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1895.

WHAT OUR SEX IS DOING.

The Woman's Art Association is having a busy season. A novel feature of their season's work was the exhibition of ceramics. At the Toronto Industrial, it was always a difficult matter to study the china painting exhibit on account of the surroundings of talking dolls, wax flowers and unaesthetic visitors, but in the art rooms of the W.A.A. all was different, and the exquisite "bits" had appropriate surroundings and ardent student admirers. At present the W.A.A. is advertising a course of lectures on art, which promise to be very interesting. The lecturers are Prof. Clark, Mr. A. D. Patterson, R.C.A.; Prof. Fraser and Oliver Howland, M.P.P.

The Toronto Methodist Deaconess Aid Society recently held its annual meeting. The secretary's report showed a large amount of work accomplished since the opening of the home in May last. At present there is a special effort being put forth to establish a kitchen garden in connection with the society, and Miss Scott, of the Chicago Training School, is here for that purpose.

The W.C.T. Unions of the Province have been particularly active this season and encouraging reports have been received from many places. One correspondent says: Wide awake temperance people realize the importance of constant watchfulness even when the enemy is supposedly asleep, and opposition not pronounced, for this may be the very time when the attack may be made upon the ramparts.

We are grieved the JOURNAL has to record the defeat of Clara Brett Martin (Toronto's one and only lady lawyer) and Mrs. McDonnell as school trustees for Toronto. It is surely short-sighted for voters to leave at home such women as Mrs. McDonnell who already has been a power for good on the board; but we have noticed that women can not be made cat's paws of so readily as the men, hence the desire to leave them at home.

Dr. Stowe Gullen, the sole remaining lady on the P.S.B., had the courage to stand by her convictions amidst the most determined opposition from these advocates of mushroom loyalty as fostered in the hearts of the public school children by wooden guns, military orders and numerous flags. Dr. Gullen took the ground that military drill in so far as it helped the pupils to be physically strong and upright was good gymnastic training, but the moment it overstepped the bounds of real physical culture, it was false to the true spirit of patriotism. These statements offended the "Canadian Denisonites," and the result will probably be the defeat of Dr. Gullen at the next election. But 'tis better to have won and lost than never to have won at all.

The appointment of Miss Dobson as post mistress of one of the City's leading postoffices is a matter for congratulation to our sex. Miss Dobson received the almost unanimous support of both political parties which goes to prove that true worth in this case has been recognized, and also that all politicians are not "machine made."

And now a word or two derogatory rather than otherwise. Women certainly have their places as artists, deaconesses, school teachers, post mistresses, etc., etc., but they are decidedly out of place at a big fire such as visited the city that memorable Thursday night. Yet they came in hundreds and thousands, spoiled their seal skin cloaks in the wet and had colds for weeks after from standing ankle deep in the slush. Some forced their way into the forward ranks and got entangled in the wires and were in danger of being crushed; others screamed and would probably have fainted could they but have had a little attention; and all, all were in the way.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA NO. 1.

Gabriel—Dan. viii. 16; Luke i. 26.

1. G-ideon—Judges vi. 12.
2. A-raunah—2 Samuel xxiv. 16.
3. B-ethesda—John v. 2-4.
4. R-eed—Rev. xxi. 15.
5. I-saiah—Isaiah vi. 6.
6. E-lijah—1 Kings xix. 6, 7.
7. L-ucifer—Isaiah xiv. 12.

There has been a request that the solution of Enigma No. 1 be printed. The editor considered that her statement in the January JOURNAL to the effect "that the solutions received were with very few exceptions correct," would be sufficient, but we gladly print the solution to satisfy the questioners.

Several correspondents have not borne in mind that neatness, composition and writing were taken into consideration as well as correctness of solution.

AN EXPLANATION.

In Liberal Offer No. 2 Jan. issue, "each month" should read "every two months" as in Dec. issue. This will explain the repetition of the Jan. enigma in this issue. The delay of last month was unavoidable, but this month's JOURNALS will reach you in ample time to respond even more liberally than some have already done.

The solutions already received will be placed with the answers to this month's enigma, the result appearing in March.

PRIZE WINNERS are not debarred from competing but in justice to the others can not be awarded a prize a second or third time.

THE TORONTO LADIES' JOURNAL'S

LIBERAL OFFER NO. 2.

During the long winter evenings that are now upon us there is no better way of spending the time than by looking up answers to Scripture enigmas such as the one which we here print.

It is the intention of the Publishers of THE LADIES' JOURNAL to present one of these enigmas every two months.

Beautiful prizes are offered, the first being a ladies' open-faced silver watch, stem winding and setting. An excellent time-keeper.

The second, a handsome gold ring set with gems.

The third, a book from our unique collection.

The answers of all those competing will be examined, three things being taken into consideration:

1. Correctness of answers.
2. Neatness in writing.
3. Composition and spelling.

Answers must be written on one side of the paper only and reach this office on or before Feb. 15.

The first letter of the answer to each of the six questions must spell the answer to the heading of the enigma. The Scripture reference, (where found) must also be given.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA, NO. 2.

A woman who was buried at Bethlehem.

1. A woman who saved her life by being hospitable.
2. A woman who is characterized in the Bible as one of good understanding, and a pleasant countenance.
3. A woman whose family reported to St. Paul that there were contentions among the Corinthians.
4. A woman whose earnest prayer was misunderstood by men, but granted by God.
5. A queen who saved her people at the risk of her own life.
6. A oman whose heart the Lord opened while was listening to St. Paul.

We look for the same enthusiasm in the answering of this enigma as in the first. Let no one be discouraged, but try, try again. The exercise of hunting up the references is in itself an education, but add to it the prospect of winning a prize and the pleasure is doubled.

Address all communications to

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL,
Care WILSON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

The JOURNAL has made itself such a welcome visi at Edgemont I feel like continuing it. The souv ir spoon arrived yesterday. GERTY E. ALTHOUSE
Stony Cr k.

We have taken the JOURNAL for a long time and e joy reading it very much. M. J. SPROLE,
Harrowsmith.

I think the JOURNAL a splendid paper and anticipate its coming joyfully. ISABELLA LAWRIE,
Bowm..ville, Ont.

I am delighted with THE LADIES' JOURNAL, I feel I cannot do without it. I enclose $1.00 for renewal subscription. KATE PITTS,
Farrar's Point, Ont.

I appreciate your excellent monthly and am glad it is purely Canadian. JESSIE BLACKWOOD,
Wallacetown, Ont.

Am delighted with THE LADIES' JOURNAL and am always looking forward to its coming. It would be hard for me to part with the JOURNAL. L. BROWN,
Crediton, Ont.

The JOURNAL is a very welcome visitor each month. I am highly delighted with each department of your excellent paper. R.W. GARDNER,
Clifford, Ont.

I consider that there is more val ie for money in THE LADIES' JOURNAL than in any other magazine published in the world. J. LANGTON BAKER,
Huntsville.

Enclosed please find year's subscription to the JOURNAL. I spend the money willingly knowing it is the most profitable investment I can make.
JOHN A. ARMSTRONG,
Dante, Ont.

I send my renewal subscription. All at home appreciate the JOURNAL highly and it suits my taste exactly.
FLORENCE BIRCH,
Owen Sound.

The JOURNAL is a paper every woman should take, as it helps her to keep in touch with woman's work of to-day, and encourages her to renewed efforts to do something herself to advance the cause. A. J. BARRIE,
Port Arthur.

I enjoy the JOURNAL very much. Wishing you much success. M. DEACON, Owen Sound.

I am much pleased with JOURNAL, enclosed please find one year's subscription. Will try and get a number of subscribers knowing they will be pleased with the paper. A. MORRISON, Shelburne, Ont.

A correspondent from the Pacific coast sends a year's subscription for the JOURNAL, and adds suggestively that he hopes his Canadian fiancee, who was to arrive at New Years, will like it. We congratulate this gentleman on his good sense, and say to all intending contemplating matrimony "go and do likewise."

DEAR EDITOR,—I received the silver watch offered as first prize in your December Scripture Enigma, all safe, and am delighted with it. I have shown it to several of my friends and they admire it greatly. It is, indeed, handsome, and I thank you very much for it. Wishing you continued success with your excellent JOURNAL,

I remain, yours sincerely,
EDITH TENNANT, Caintown.

[NOTE.—Preference page will appear in March issue.]

Chrysanthemums.

Born of the clouds and darkness,
  Of the frost and early snow,
When the summer flowers have faded
  The beautiful Christ-flowers blow;
All through the budding springtime,
  All through the summer's heat,
All through the autumn's glory,
  They hide their blossoms sweet.
    But when the earth is lonely,
      And the bitter north winds blow,
    With a smile of cheer for the dear old year,
      The wintry blossoms blow.

Sweet as a dream of summer,
  White as the drifting snow;
When our hearts are filled with grieving,
  The beautiful Christ-flowers blow.
Not all the south winds wooing
  Opens their secret heart!
Slender they grow and stately,
  Guarding their life apart;
    But when the earth is dreary,
      And the heavy clouds hang low,
    With their tender cheer for the way-worn year,
      The wintry blossoms blow.

Sweetest of all consolers!
  Fairest of flowers that glow!
When hope and flowers have faded,
  The beautiful Christ-flowers blow.
Bright in the cottage window,
  Sweet in the darkened room,
Fair in the shortened sunlight,
  Cheering the dusky gloom.
    Oh, when our hearts are lonely,
      And the clouds of care hang low,
    What blessed cheer for our dying year,
      The wintry blossoms blow!

For the Ladies' Journal.

ROSES AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY G. H. DE B.

When we reached the Flower Pavilion it was early, and but few people were present. On entering flowers, nothing but flowers, great staring flowers, faced us from every direction. A surging wave of diffidence and awe swept over me, for it was as if the eyes of a waiting, expectant multitude were upon me, and as we moved about from plant to plant, from table to table, each individual flower seemed to thrust itself boldly forward from amongst its fellows, as if challenging attention. There were sturdy young flowers brilliant and gay, ragged specimens faded and worn as if with years of sun and storm; dissipated flowers with jagged petals, and upright flowers with even, well rounded petals; crazy looking specimens, and sober dignified flowers; slovenly flowers with hair all out of curl pointing in every direction, and neat stylish flowers with every petal carefully curled; brazen flowers with gaudy gowns, and dainty white blossoms with robes as delicate and pure as the falling snow.

What a craze there is for this foreign flower! This most suspectible of improvement of all flowers, seeming almost human in its responsiveness—almost as sensitive in its nature as the human plant to conditions and environment, and almost as varied in its character.

Later, sitting in the gallery watching the slowly moving throng and the flowers below, noting the similarity between the human faces and the flower faces, the thought came that the fascinating power of this strange flower lay not so much in its beauty as in its weird resemblance to man, and in its responsiveness to his protecting, watchful care. If it continues to respond to man's efforts in the future as in the past it will before long excel the cabbage in immensity, and the rose in brightness of hue.

How carefully the gardener prepares the soil for the reception of the embryo plant, and how zealously he watches that there may not be overmuch, and not too little, but just sufficient heat, moisture and light, for well he knows that only by maintaining perfect conditions can he hope to grow perfect plants and flowers. His constant effort is to produce flowers and fruits surpassing all previous attempts in brightness of coloring and sweetness of perfume, in size and delicacy of flavor. And how proud he is, if, by some mysterious process, he produces a new and improved variety of flower or fruit. If the same thoughtful care was given to the implanting of the human germ in the garden of life, how great in the course of a few centuries would be the change wrought. Poor mortal blossoms are conceived and ushered into existence in any, and every haphazard way. How strange it is, when one pauses to think, that man should expend so much thought, labor and time, in the improving of flowers, fruits and animals, objects subservient only to his use and pleasure, whilst to the improvement of the human species, and of the development of his own body and soul-moulding power, he gives scarcely a thought! Whether human plants are diseased, deformed, or mentally deficient, it matters not, they do not hesitate to add their quota to the growth in the human garden. That most important function of man, with its solemn responsibilities, receives but little thought. No wonder there are so many physically, mentally, and morally imperfect specimens of humanity. The nucleus of a perfect man or flower is in the embryo, but the production of a perfect specimen of either requires proper conditions, and yet, while effort is continually made to improve plants and animals, man is evolved from the chaos of circumstances, and fortunate are they who are well-born. A sound physique, an able intellect, and freedom from contamination of disease and vice, a glorious heritage, but few there are who inherit it.

It was the last night of the Chrysanthemum Show, and nearly the closing hour, when strong upon me came the memory of the flowers. It seemed as if an unseen presence, with the breath of the rose, was about me, and there came a whispering—a whispering in the air—"come! come with me, for the rose has a message for thee!" The spell of the flowers was upon me, and I could not choose but obey. It was to the Pavilion we went, my guide with the breath of the rose and I. The flowers were the same, yet not the same, for the great round-eyed chrysanthemums no longer were eagerly expectant, but sad and drooping, as if weary of the staring, criticizing crowd, and homesick with longing for the quietness of their greenhouse home. The roses, of which there was but one small tableful, looked just as fresh and sweet as on the opening day, holding their heads erect, as if in proud consciousness that man's love for their beauty and sweetness would ever remain, whilst his craze for the strange, scentless flower would ere long pass away. "Ah!" said a white haired lady, "I love the flowers with the sweet perfume, from the proud rose to the humble clover blossom of the meadow I love them all," and leaning over to breathe of their sweetness a crimson rose gently, gratefully kissed her cheek.

The flower of the orient is but a passing fancy, for the flower of love and song holds man's heart. Flaunting beauty attracts but for a day, but the sweet essence of love abides for aye. And this, this was the message of the rose.

A Funny Grandpa.

Grandpa's full of funny tales—
  Queerest ones I know—
'Bout the things he used to do
  Sixty years ago.

Wonder what I'll say to boys
  When my hair's like snow.
Guess I'll do a lot of things,
  Real queer capers, so

When I am old as he
  I can whisper low
To my grandboys what I did
  Sixty years ago.

Names of those whose solutions to the December Scripture Enigma were classed under the heading good, but who were crowded out of the January issue:

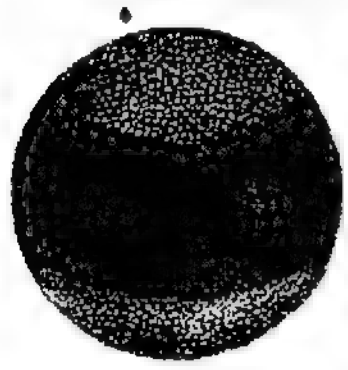
GOOD—Mrs. George Williams, Castleton, Ont.; Ida G. Sutherland, Bond Head, Ont.; Florence M. Liphard, Galt, Ont.; Carrie Ross, Clifford, Ont.; G. E. Althouse, Stoney Creek, Ont.; Samuel Bretz, Fort Gratis, Ont.; Miss S. M. Nokes, St. Thomas, Ont.; John Uttley, Doon, Ont.; Annie Uttley, Doon, Ont., Lizzie J. Bare, Leith, Ont.; Lillian Smith, Haley's Station, Ont.; Janet Kinloch, Grant's Corners, Ont.; Beatrice Fletcher, Port Perry, Ont.; Mrs. A. B. Vicars, Cannington, Ont.; Mrs. C. W. Reynolds, Sundridge, Ont.; Bert Sprole, Harrowsmith, Ont.; Amanda S Hodge, Upper Bedford, Que.; Millie G. Wright, Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. Agnes E. B. Lockwood, Port Williams, Kings Co., N. S.; Jennie Bruce, Allenford, Ont.; Mary A. Horning, Mount Albion, Ont.; Alice Dudley, Toronto, Ont.; Bella McKnight, Stratford, Ont.; Edith Cruickshank, Montrose, Ont.; Miss A B. Lawson; North Augusta, Ont.; Alex. Sinclair, Muskoka, Ont.; Maggie R. Anderson, Bobcaygeon, Ont.; Mae Sibbald, Meadowvale, Ont.; Miss Ellen Coote, Oakville, Ont.; Mrs. J. E. Whitten, Shelbourne, Ont.; Sarah M. Crisp, Honeywood, Ont.; Mrs. R. J. Husband, Burlington, Ont.; H. C. Seaman, Lawville, Ont.; Addie Sutherland, Bond Head, Ont; Annie Gillis, Powle's Corner, Ont.; Sabina Haith, Dunnville, Ont.; R. Lillie Webster, Glandine, Ont; Augusta B. Coulter, Thorald, Ont.; Maggie J. Turnbull, Orangeville, Ont.; Annie Foster, Honeywood, Ont.; Ethel Hall, Horning's Mills, Ont.; Ella Breech, Port Severn, Ont.; Mrs. Wm. Buchanan, Aylmer, Ont; Florence Birch, Owen Sound, Ont.; Millie Jackson, Navan, Ont.; Sarah Dowling, Bolton, Ont.; Belle Kyle, Camilla, Ont.; Sarah Bentley, Pine Grove, Ont.; Belle Bradford, McDonald's Corners, Ont.; Eva Marsh, Roach's Point, Ont.; "Kronos" Detroit, Michigan; T Armstrong, Dracon, Ont.; Maud C. Maxwell, St. Stephen, N. B.; Hughena Elliott, Hubrey, Ont.; Jennie Stoddard, Toronto, Ont.; Clara Ward, Coburg, Ont.; Mrs. James Bain, Quebec City, Que.; Anna Brown, Seaforth, Ont.; Robt. H. Stephens, Bethany, Ont.; S. Boadway, Huntsville, Ont.; Ellen Adams, Cornwell, Ont.; Vina Pool, Merrickville, Ont.; Anna Wells, Brighton, Ont.; Miss H. M. Taggart, Ottawa, Ont.; R. W. Gardiner, Clifford, Ont.; Ethel Vidal Strickland, Dunbarton, Ont.; Mrs. J. F. Wheeler, Brigden, Ont.; Eva M. McBean, Youngs, Ont.; Ida G. Hawkins, Arva, Ont.; Emma A. Nichols, Oakville, Ont.; Lucy L. Hind, Niticoke, Ont.; Jennie Holmes, Shanley, Ont.; E. Wilburn Lowrey, Brantford, Ont.; Miss Margaret Hood, Comet, Ont.; Christena Cameron, (no address given), Bella Adams, New Glasgow, N. S.; Jennie E. Nichol, Glenworth, Ont.; Maggie Belle, Bolton, Ont.; Beatrice Armstrong, Kinburn, Ont.; Ethel Gibson, Delaware, Ont.; Mrs. F. C. Warner, Deeewsville, Ont.; Minnie Campbell, Lakefield, Ont.; Mrs. W. W. Rees, Newport, Hants Co., N. S.; Mrs. L. Jennie O'Brien, Windsor, Hants Co., N. S.; F. M. Edythe Adams, Port Perry, Ont.; (no name), Port Perry, Ont.; Gertrude Boyd, Severn Bridge, Ont.; Bessie Dobson, Southampton, Ont.; Maggie Hill, Sidney, Cape Breton, N.S.; Emily Harrison, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Maggie McNeil, Windsor, Nova Scotia; Louise Way, North Bay, Ont.; Mrs. W. J. Barrie, Port Arthur, Ont.; E. Davidson, Waterdown, Ont.; B. McMicking, Stamford, Ont.; Emma J. Simpson, Thornton, Ont.; Christy McNaughton, St. Raphael West, Ont.; Mrs. Wm. Heaslip, Seeley's Bay, Ont.; Nellie Murray, Allenford, Ont.; Mary Turnbull, Earnscliff, Ont.; Ward H. Patterson, Fredericton, N. B.; Mary A. Smith, Antrim, Ont.; Addie Covington, Stouffville, Ont.; Mabel Henderson, Wascana, Assa. N. W. T.; Miss Alice Myers, Barrie, Ont.

FANCY WORK

Two pages are set apart this month for fancy work and the designs submitted have been carefully chosen, with a view both to beauty and utility. The articles pictured are not the ephemeral holiday articles our papers have lately been flooded with, but are useful appurtenances to a lady's boudoir.

A Parlor Ball.

The first pictured is a parlor ball, so much used now for the indoor game for children. It is easily made out of two circular pieces of cardboard each three and three quarter inches in diameter. Cut out a round piece in the centre of each circle about seven-eighths in size. These double rings are laid upon each other, and wound first for the stamens in the four flowers with yellow and brown worsted, in two shades, and then over these threads with blue or pink worsted. In order that the worsted shall not separate, overcast the worsted loops on the edge of the cardboard rings with twine, and tie the ends. Wind the cardboard rings between the flowers with green worsted in several shades and then tightly with white worsted, until the rings are completely filled. Cut through the mass of worsted along the edge with sharp scissors, tie it tight between the two pieces of cardboard with twine, take out the cardboard, and cut the ball even.



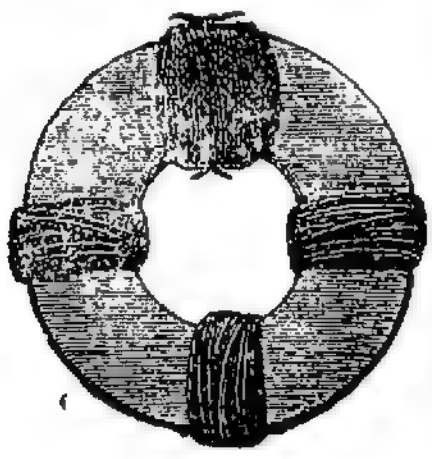
PARLOR BALL.

India Silk Cushion.

This square sixteen inch down cushion is covered with a large-flowered India silk in a tulip design, and surrounded with a scarf of plain India silk to match the color of the pattern. The scarf is twelve inches wide and four yards and a quarter long, and is hemmed to a tarlatan lining; it is shirred for a space of two and a half inches at the middle of each side, with a five-inch loop on each side of the shirring, and there is a cluster of four five-inch loops at each corner of the cushion.

Postal Card Cases.

With the advent of the New Year people in Canada are allowed to use any cards for correspondence upon affixing the needful cent stamp and placing the address only, on one side; but the privilege will not extend to the U. S. postal department. So that the little design rom Good Housekeeping will still be useful for postal cards of the ordinary dimensions. Postal card cases may be an old idea, yet a useful and acceptable article, if coming in a new costume and large enough to hold the large cards. Get from an artist supply store some fancy white cardboard —a heavy parchment answers well—cutting one piece 4½ by 8 inches and a second 4½ by 5½ inches. Fasten the smaller piece at the bottom of the larger one by four bows of baby ribbon of any preferred color, making the upper bows loose enough to allow the card to set off a little, pocket fashion, as shown. Cut two blotters the size of the larger card and fasten on the back by bows at the top, allowing a loop of the ribbon to hang it by. On one top corner of each card splash a little gilding, and on the upper card, just above the smaller one, write "Postal Cards," in gilt. On the smaller card make a little drawing, or glue on one of the little monthly calendars that are so pretty, and write in fancy letters, "A penny for your thoughts," or "Just time for a few lines." The recipient will be pleased to hang this in a convenient place.



DETAIL OF BALL.

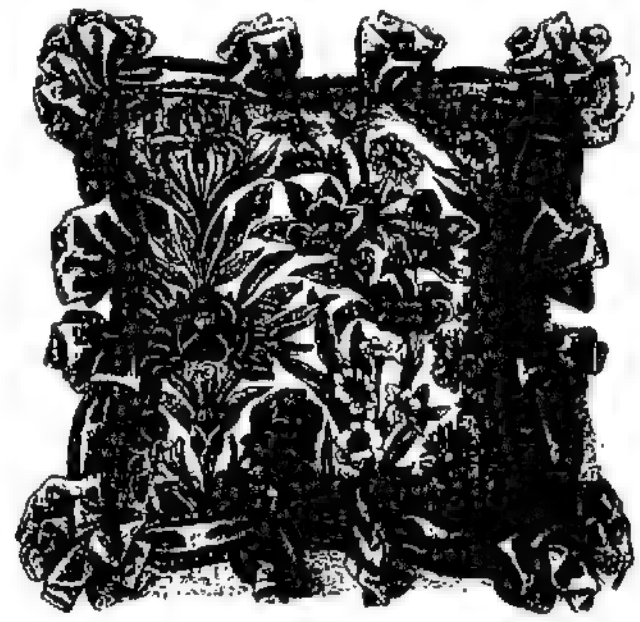
Crocheted Hair Receiver.

One ball of Kensington crochet twist, three-fourths of a yard of inch-wide ribbon, one yard of cord and two silk pompons are used in this receptacle for combings of hair, etc. Use a quite coarse steel crochet-hook, commence at bottom with 4 ch, and join in a ring.

First round—9 d c under the ring; 1 d c in first d c.

Second round—3 ch for first tr, 2 tr in each d c of last round; 1 d c in top of 3 ch used for first tr.

Third round—3 ch, *2 tr in 1 tr, 1 tr in next tr; repeat from * all around; 1 d c in top of 3 ch.



INDIA SILK CUSHION.

Fourth round—1 tr in each of 2 tr, 2 tr in next; 1 d c in top of 3 ch.

Fifth round—1 tr in each of 3 tr, 2 tr in next; 1 d c in top of 3 ch.

Sixth round—1 d c into each st.

Seventh round—5 tr in a st, 1 ch, miss 1 d c; repeat from beginning of round; join to top of first 5 tr.

Eighth round—1 d c into first 1 ch, 1 ch, miss 5 tr, 1 d c in next; repeat.

The seventh and eighth rounds are repeated three times more.

Fifteenth round—1 tr in each st of last round.

Sixteenth round—1 long tr (thread over twice) in each of 2 st; 2 ch, miss 2 tr, and repeat from beginning of round; join to top of first long tr.

Seventeenth round—1 tr in each st of last round.

Eighteenth to twenty-fifth round—Like seventh to fourteenth round.

Make a cylinder of cardboard or celluloid to exactly fit inside the crochet; if of cardboard, cover with a harmonizing color of silk, satin or sateen, and sew it inside, putting the last round of crochet to the edge of the inside cylinder. Run a ribbon through the round of long tr and tie in a bow. Sew three pieces of cord on the edge at equal distances, join at or near the top, and finish with loops or cord and a pompon. A pompon is sewn to the bottom.

Sponge Bag.

This bag made of a square of crocheted rings, worked with knitting silk in any desired color. A pinked square of chamois is placed inside the rings, and this has a lining of oiled silk. The bag is hung with rings as shown in the illustration, and four silk pompons give a pretty finish.

CASE FOR POSTAL CARDS.

Writing Desks with Shelves.

The Companion tells how the handy John in a family, constructed all sorts of useful articles out of comparatively nothing; but his greatest success was a writing desk and shelves, of simple but convenient form. The sides were carved with a gouge, in long, curving arabesques, and the whole was given a dull finish. The illustration shows the simple but true outlines of this useful and ornamental piece of furniture, which, dates from "ye olden time." The shelves serve for braces, as well as for holding books. The sides and back could have been effectively ornamented with pokerwork, or simply beveled.

Handkerchief-Case.

White ribbed silk is used for the outside of this sachet and pale pink quilted silk for the lining; the size when spread apart, is fifteen inches deep by twenty-one wide. The embroidery on the upper half consists of a spray of chrysanthemums, worked, some in pale rose, some in tawny yellow silks, with foliage in gray and olive greens. The lattice in the corner is defined by laid lines of gold thread. The straight line in the frame is defined by a laid silver corner, with a line of tawny-yellow chenille on either side of it, while the twisted ribbon is formed by two lines, of white silk braid, which are carried through under the silk, where they disappear and out again to the surface farther on; on either side of the braid is a strand of pale yellow filoselle sewed down with slanting stitches to match. The flowers springing from the points are outlined in silver thread, and filled in with long chain stitches in pale pink silk. The case is edged with white silk cord, twisted into loops at the corners and tied with white ribbons.

Embroidered Shopping Bag.

The bag illustrated is of seal-brown satin duchesse, lined with cream silk and ornamented

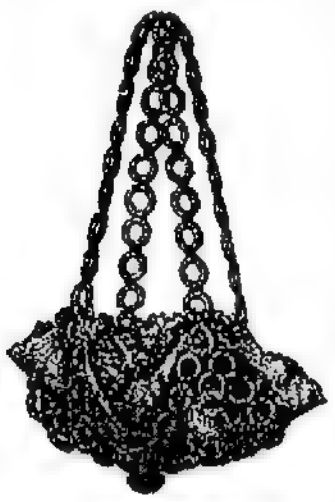
CROCHETED HAIR RECEIVER.

on the front with an embroidered design in cream silk and gold thread. The bag is fourteen inches deep by nine wide on the half. At three inches from the top is a casing for a drawing-string, and above the casing the sides are left open. Two brown ribbons run in opposite directions in the casing form the handles, and there are full bows of the ribbon fastened on the sides. The outlines and French knots are in cream silk, the basket stitch fillings in gold thread caught down with cream silk, and the lace stitches in gold thread.

Crocheted Purse.

This purse is worked with olive crochet silk and metal beads of the same color in two shades. Take up on the silk three times alternately 360 of the light, and 360 of the dark beads, so that the dark beads shall be used first.

Begin the purse at the bottom with a foundation of 108 sts, close these in a ring with 1 s l, and on this crochet, always going forward, as follows: 1st round—12 times alternately, 5 ch, pass over 5 st, 4 s c on the next 4 st, but before working the third s c form a loop of the next 15 beads. 2d and 3d rounds—12 times alternately, 5 ch, 4 s c on the next 4 s c in the preceding round. 4th round—* 2 ch, with 1 s c fasten together the middle st of the next 5 ch in the preceding three rounds, 2 ch, 4 s c on the next 4 s c in the preceding round, and repeat 11 times from *. Repeat the preceding 4 rounds sixteen times, the last five pattern figures without beads, but at the beginning of the first of the last five pattern figures, in the first round, entwine the bead loops, which are beneath each other, slipping the second through the first, the third through the second, the fourth through the third, and so on to the twelfth loop. Through the latter loop, in the round before mentioned, always slip the st before beginning the third of the 4 s c above the corresponding row of loops, before working the next s c, so that the loop is caught there. After working the 17th pattern figure, complete the purse in two parts, crocheting on each half of the st (going back and forth), as follows: 1st and 2d rounds—1 ch, five times alternately, 4 s c on the next 4 s c in the preceding round, 3 ch; finally 4 s c on the next 4 s c. 3d round—1 ch, * 4 s c on the next 4 s c in the preceding round, 1 ch, with 1 s c fasten together the middle of the next three ch in the preceding 2 rounds, 1 ch, and repeat four times from *; then 4 s c on the next 4 s c. Repeat three times the preceding 3 rounds, but in the middle of the work lessen the number of the chain stitches, so that the part grows narrower. Next work 9 rounds of s c, but in every second following round, on both sides as well as in the middle, narrow several stitches, so that the last round counts only 12 st. Having slipped the ring, which is wound with silk, and trimmed with beads, on the purse work in connection with the last round, for one of the parts on which the ring is slipped in opening the purse, as follows: 1 s c on the next st in the preceding round, 40 ch, with 1 s c catch the s c with which in the 4th round of the 12th pattern figure the first 5 ch in the 1st to 3d rounds of the same figure were caught together, going back on the preceding 40 ch work 1 s c on each st, * 5 s c on the next 5 st in the preceding round, 10 ch, going back on the first 30 of the s c worked on the 40 ch, work 30 s c, with 1 s c catch the same ch of the 12th pattern figure which was previously caught, going back on the preceding st, work 40 s c, repeat once from *, 1 s c on the last st of the preceding round. The other half of the purse is worked in the same manner, and the slits are finished with a round of s c. The two rows of foundation st on the under edge are joined with 1 round, as follows: Always alternately 1 scallop consisting of 1 s c, 7 d c, 1 s c on the next five ch of each row, 3 ch. To each scallop fasten 2 bead loops composed of 6 light, 7 dark, and 6 light beads.



SPONGE BAG.

HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

EMBROIDERED SHOPPING BAG.

Pincushion.

A favorite cushion in our great grandmothers' time was made after the accompanying design, and for its oddity we give it now. The model was dark-blue velvet and lemon colored silk. Cut six velvet and six silk pieces, each three and five-eighths inches square, and fill them with bran. Take a pencil, sew silk and velvet cushions in alternation around it, the pencil helping to keep them firm. Each of the six little bags is made of a piece of stuff two and three quarter inches square, filled with sachet powder. A full bow of ribbon finishes the top.

WRITING DESK WITH SHELVES.

Linen Covers.

A new fashion is to make linen covers for the five-o'clock tea-table with a valance. One seen on a small square table has the part that covers the top of the table cut in a square to fit it. The valance which is about twelve inches deep, is gathered so that it is moderately full and fastened to the center by a small cord or welt covered with white linen. The valance is finished at the lower edge by a hemstitch an inch wide. The square that covers the table-top is bordered by conventionalized primroses about the size of a twenty-cent silver piece and by many leaves. The colors are opalescent, one flower being worked in softest violet or a pinkish shade, one in pale gold, and others in pale old rose and a very soft bluish green. Both flowers and leaves are worked in long and short stitches. The same flowers that border the center are scattered singly and far apart over the valance. The china on this table was painted to harmonize with the colors of the cover, and was of white variously tinted inside or painted on the outside with pale green, rose, or blue, with touches of gold. The valance would be equally pretty for a bedroom table-cover.

A Top Drawer.

A top drawer of bureau, dressing table, or dressing case may be made a dainty, fragrant and convenient receptacle for my lady's belongings if attired in the following fashion:

Make first of all a drawer pad to neatly fit the bottom of the drawer. This is done by covering a sheet of cotton wadding with silkoline on the wrong side, and china silk on the upper side, and tacking it occasionally here and there, attaching a bow-knot of ribbon where it is tacked. Sprinkle the wadding freely with sachet powder before it is covered. The edges of the pad may be finished, if desired, with a cord or a ruffle of lace.

CROCHETED SILK PURSE.

Pad all four sides of the drawer by tacking cotton wadding, cut to fit, to the sides. Cover the wadding with silk to match the pad, using tiny gilt-headed tacks, to do it with. It is well also to sprinkle sachet powder over the wadding on the sides before it is covered. The pads around the top should be finished to match the pad at the bottom with either lace or cord, or ribbon edge.

But before the covers are put on over the wadding they should be variously equipped as follows:

Provide the back with one long pocket divided into compartments.

To one of the side pads attach a pin cushion (for fancy pins) also a pin ball, and a few small pockets for manicure belongings, button hook, glove buttoner, etc. The other side may be provided with pockets especially designed to hold bottles. The pad which belongs on the front of the drawer can be arranged with pockets, or, instead, it may be equipped to hold brush, comb, hand-glass, etc., by fastening straps across, and fastening with pretty bows. To be truly convenient the pockets should be more or less full, and an elastic run in the top, so as to open readily, and the pad should be simply laid in the bottom of the drawer, so as to be easily taken out and dusted.

PINCUSHION.

I have just learned of a way in which to repolish shell combs, but have not tried it personally. If there are any scratches remove them by scraping with the edge of a knife; then rub with a dry woolen rag covered with finely-powdered charcoal and water. Follow this by rubbing fine, dry whiting or precipitated chalk on shell, previously moistened with vinegar.

HYGIENE.

The Way to be Happy.

Would'st thou be wretched? 'Tis an easy way:
Think but of self, and self alone all day:
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care—
All that thou hast to do, or feel or bear;
Think of thy pleasure, of thy good, thy gain—
Think only of thyself—'t will not be vain.

Would'st thou be happy? Take an easy way:
Think of those 'round thee—live for them all day;
Think of their pain, their grief, their loss, their care—
All that they have to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
Think of those 'round thee—'t will not be in vain.

Advice to Lady Riders.

"Women should not ride astride," says Mrs. Newcome, in the Washington. "And they should not discard the skirt. Having tried both, I know what I am talking about. In the city, a dress on a woman rider attracts less attention and it is not at all in the way of your wheel; a woman naturally feels more at home and is consequently more herself. Bloomers, as a costume, might be used while touring in mountains or through a section of country where the roads are very bad and the woman rider would necessarily be obliged to walk. Women are subject to criticism, and remarks made by the curious public are very annoying. I would not sell my bicycle for a small fortune if I thought I could not replace it. I never have had any trouble and not even a tired feeling. I think without exception that if bicycling had never been invented, I as well as a large number of other women, would never have experienced real pleasure.

"That old question of the best suit for a woman to wear is continually arising, but what I have always used is an Eton jacket, shirt waist and skirt. It was this suit that drew a prize from the World as the most practicable. My skirt differs from hers only in not being so wide, mine measuring two yards and of walking length, made from League cloth and trimmed with black braid.

"In going down hill the first thing is to feel that your brake is all right, and you must never coast; that is, never take your feet off the pedals, as some very severe accidents have happened while coasting."

"At what age should a rider begin?"

"Almost any age."

"How should one begin?"

"First, select the best training school; then procure a good wheel. I should then practice about an hour or two every day until I could mount and dismount, and never attempt road riding until I had mastered this art. One great fault of a beginner is that just as soon as she can balance she has an idea she can ride. Not having fully learned she becomes rattled."

"What are the risks?"

"There are no risks, if one will always remember that there is just as much room behind a truck or car as in front and always keep to the right as the law directs."

"What should be avoided?"

"If you examine thoroughly your wheel before mounting and have it oiled and in good order, there is really no danger. One of the most essential features of bicycling is learning to dismount quickly; then in the event of yoou being in a dangerous location or position, yeu have simply to step off. In this respect women riding not astride have the advantage over tho e who ride the diamond frame with bloomers.

"Let me caution women never to mount a wheel and ride fast after eating heavily. It is the most injurious of habits and is against nature. They should sit quietly for a while after eating and then strike a very slow pace."

Eating Before Sleeping.

Many persons, says Dr W. T. Cathell, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone; and I am of the opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness we so often meet. Physiology teaches that in the body there is a perpetual disintegration of tissue, sleeping or waking; it is therefore logical to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those who are below par, if we would counteract their emaciation and lower degree of vitality; and as bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor is the result.

Ventilation in Winter.

Now the double windows are in and the furnace is started, you will be obliged to take special pains in order to have plenty of fresh air in the house. Half the danger of our winters is in our over-heated and oxygen-drained houses. We stay in them until we become weakened, and then some sudden exposure, which we should not have minded if we had been in our best condition, is too much for us. Give the whole house a thorough airing every morning, and don't keep it too hot through the day. Study ventilation. Air is cheap.

A Hint to Fleshy Women.

At about twenty-seven or twenty-eight the average woman begins to get stout, or let us call it plump. The girl who from twenty-four to twenty-seven had an ideal figure begins now to get too much. She herself does not realize it, because her waist stays the same, or gets even smaller. Chiefly because of this has come the increase above and below the corset line—below especially. A roll of flesh is pushed out below the corsets, and this means getting fat. Now is the time—not to tighten up, but to loosen. Proportion is the important beauty of a figure, not a small waist. The proportion of your figure demands more girth. Give it; loosen up till the roll of flesh pushed out below the stays disappears.

Cure for Snake Bite.

From time to time I see in the paper recipes for curing the bites of poisonous snakes recommended by medical and other people. What I know from my own experience to be an infallible cure is the gall of the snake itself. One drop of it on the wound will effect a cure, even when inflammation is far advanced. I have seen a dog treated whose head had already swollen to twice its natural size, and it cured him almost instantaneously. The gall may be preserved in alcohol, or even dried, requiring in the latter case only to be moistened; even saliva alone between two stones will do. (I have seen a case of this kind.) If preserved in alcohol, of course, the whole bag of the gall is put into the liquid entire. If true of the rattlesnake, and as I have said before, I know it is infallable from my own experience, it is probably true of all other poisonous snakes, and might it not be true in the case of the rabies, that the gall of the animal would cure the bite?

When at college in London the teacher in French, who had been a spahis in Algiers, assured me that the Arabs cured the sting of the scorpion by mashing the scorpion and applying it as a poultice on the wound. This I have never seen tried, however.

A modern treatment for nervous prostration requires that the patient be put to bed in a quiet room and fed for weeks on enormous quantities of milk. He must take exercise, however, and this he does by proxy through the device of massage. He must do absolutely nothing for himself, and if his nose itches the nurse must scratch it. Patients under such treatment sometimes gain four or five pounds of flesh per week. It is, of course, a luxury of the rich.

Inappropriate Giving.

Now that the holiday season is past and gone a few words anent the giving habit will not be inappropriate. To take time by the forelock is a good idea, or in other words to talk upon matters in which all have been greatly interested and the memory of which is still fresh in the mind.

The two G's, get and give, are the Season's mottoes, and when the former exceedeth the latter to any great extent, the heart of the selfish receiver is happy, but in his case there is slight danger of the proportion being the other way.

The motto "It is more blessed to give than to receive," should now read "It pays to give because then you will receive." This give and take element is killing all true generosity and liberality. We claim Christ as our great example, our head-line in copy book lore. Are we not letting our eyes fall oftener on our poor attempts to imitate, instead of raising them to the true copy? Did we so raise them we would see Him, the greatest gift of all, given freely and unreservedly for us.

I wish to utter protest against the giving of so much truck, so much that perishes with the using and with the first using generally, blown together toys, ephemeral objects such as books, big, bulky and botched in the binding, that when the wind of usage passes over them, will be gone, and the place thereof will know them no more, save by the debris that clutters up the playroom. Better far to purchase one good and useful present than a cartload of cheap things.

Our best stores now pander to the taste that craves much (in bulk) for little and vie with each other to secure sensational window fronts, consisting of abnormal getups in the shape of false faces, sliding doors, real live people with hand-painted faces, and in one store, the proprietor of which is said to be a Methodist in good standing, a horrible monstrosity in the shape of an attempted representation of the birth of Christ. Shade of our forefathers, a wee waxen mite of a doll wrapped in swaddling clothes, a big staring-eyed Mary three sizes larger than the babe, a duplicate of Mary hanging by a string over the "box of straw" to represent the angelic host, animals of various sizes and shapes and grouped in a sort of a feeding trough, calculated to show off their felty sides and flannel coats and beady eyes. Such a parody on the greatest event in history should have been sufficient to boycott the store.

My theme has been principally on what not to give, but one could talk all day about giving. I like, too, to think of what some teachers tell us, that the highest of all is the giving on the inner side of things—the helpful thought, the sympathy that is not condolence but understanding. How I love that word! And the best way to be ready for that is to let the flame burn so steadily within us that all who come may get a light, without perhaps our knowing.

J. H. WETHERALD

A Mother's Prayer.

Lord speak to me, that I may speak
  In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
  Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
  The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
  The hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
  Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
  To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
  The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
  The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh give thine own sweet rest to me,
  That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
  To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
  Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
  Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
  Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
  Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Learn to do Something.

Six in family, four girls and two boys, and each earning a living; seven in family, five girls and two boys, all grown up, only one earning a living. Both families rank about equal as to wealth and social standing, but the parents of the farmer are wise in insisting that each child should know how to do something well, so that if adversity should come she would not be left stranded.

The rich of to-day may be the poor of to-morrow and it is necessary that girls born in affluent circumstances should be taught some trade, whereby in case of reverses, they may earn an honest livelihood.

How many Toronto society girls if thrown on the world could earn even five dollars a week? They can not cook, as their tale of indigestibles will testify. They can not do chamber work, as it makes their backs ache to climb the stairs. Their knowledge of music is not comprehensive enough to enable them to teach; neither is their knowledge of French and German.

As a rule women are incompetent workers, not from lack of brains, but on account of their superficial education. The wonder is that women do so well, considering their training, and the traditions that are absorbed with their mother's milk.

A girl's demoralization begins with birth, and is almost thoroughly accomplished when she puts on long dresses. As a baby, she is made to look pretty; as a child at dancing school, she hears about beaux and beauty; at day-school there is much less mental training than there is study of "style" and vapid accomplishments. The consequence is that boys starting with no greater natural advantages than their sisters, far outstrip them on arriving at maturity. Nothing less than inherent genius has saved the female sex from driveling idiocy. Nature has been so generous that it is about time common sense and education came to its assistance.

What was the Cause of It?

"Oh, mama, mama, I am so sick!" These words, uttered by my five-year-old Walter, caused me to awaken suddenly one night not long since.

Arising hastily I went to his bed, and soon saw that he was sick indeed. It needed no inquiry to see that he was "sick at his stomach."

"Why, Walter, boy," queried I, "what have you been eating? Did anybody give you anything while you were at Hallie's yesterday?"

"Yes, mama, Topsy gave us a lot of candy."

No need for further questions. The problem was solved. Within the next hour the offending candy and all else eaten that day were ejected from the system, and peace was again restored within.

Then followed a short talk upon the evils of excessive candy-eating, another good-night kiss, and he once more repaired to the Land of Nod.

But for some time my mind was busy thinking, thinking—well, thoughts from which this article has grown.

Ofttimes I have had mothers say to me, "Your two children certainly look the very picture of health. I wish mine were as strong. How do you manage it?"

Manage! I scarcely know that there is any great amount of management now.

Things appear to fall in line naturally. They were both extremely "puny" babies. Then I had to "manage" that their food was just what it should be and that they ate regularly. Now they have splendid appetites, scarcely ever think of "piecing," play much out in the open air, go to bed early at night, take a short nap after dinner, and that is all. The "managing" has been kept up five years with Walter, and three with Ruby, until now it is second nature.

This subject of eating between meals is an old and hackneyed one, yet it is by no means threadbare, for we all need to hear it "rehashed" frequently.

The stomach cannot properly digest food already within it, if a fresh amount is being continuously thrown in. More than that it must have a period of rest after one meal before it can properly digest the next meal. Even the heart, which we are wont to think is always at work, has its slight period of rest between its pulsations.

I believe I am a "crank" on the subject of wholesome food for children and regular times for partaking of it, but if I am, I have been made so by experience and observation. I do not believe in the cast-iron rule that children shall never eat candy or sweetmeats, neither that they shall never eat "pieces" between meals, but I do believe in using a great amount of good sense in the matter. And let the eating of these things be the exceptions rather than the rule. Then mothers will not so often be heard to complain that their children are so sickly and fretful, and wonder why it is so.—Companion.

On the Baby's Nap.

When a baby is well and dressed comfortably it should spend fully three-fourths of its time in slumber. When a child is wakeful and restless, it is an indication that something is wrong, either overfeeding or uncomfortable clothing. On laying the baby down see that the wrinkles are straightened out of its clothing. The little one cannot be comfortable upon a mass of wrinkled flannels and linens. After it has slept for about an hour, turn it on the other side. It will not waken the lightest sleeper if properly done. The change of positions prevents its limbs becoming cramped, and it will sleep much longer. Resort should never be had to opiates without the advice of a physician. I have heard of a single drop proving fatal. The brain of the infant is very susceptible to the influence of these drugs, and the gravest disorders are produced through their use.

The habit of rocking a child to sleep should never be formed, although it is sometimes a great comfort to both mother and babe, but all the best physicians agree that rocking is injurious to the brain.

While baby is taking its nap do not condemn the household to utter silence, to walking on tip toe, and speaking in whispers for fear of waking the baby. Such a state of affairs is a great discomfort to the whole family, and there is no need of it. If the child is accustomed from the beginning, to sleep through the ordinary sounds of the household, they will not disturb it in the least.

Training an Awkward Boy.

Of all earthly undertakings none pays better than the training of an awkward or wayward boy.

What shall be done with him? Why, bear with him as none but a mother can. His destiny is in your hands. Take the solemn trust by a brave comradeship. Show a steady interest in all his boyish affairs. Win his confidence and then respect it. Go to his bedside at night with a kiss and a blessing. Don't mind if the baby and younger children call lustily for "mamma;" your growing boy needs you most, even if eighteen. Tuck him in and chat with him; above all forget not to kneel in the shadowed room and pray for him. If you do not know how, learn! Never mind if your heart does fly and leap into your mouth. Kneel at his bedside, and though he pretend to slumber, he will tell his wife of it, years after, with loving devotion to that memory.

When your boy sees that you are less offended with his rudeness, than grieved with his want of integrity; that you are proud of him, and in true sympathy with him, he will make his mother's great heart of love a sure resting place, and the problem of "what shall be done with him," will be solved, for he will never go astray in the years to come, because he cannot forget whose idol and pride he was, when in every one's else way, and who was patient with him when every one else blamed.

The Little One's Teeth.

To begin at the very beginning, be very careful, when you find a "tiny white pearl" or two in your baby's mouth, that the little fists that so industriously whack every available object against these new, soft little "pearls," do not get hold of hard articles.

The enamel on many a front tooth has been broken in this way, and decay begun before the tooth is fairly out. If this danger is safely gotten over, when the "milkteeth" get out, they should be regularly cared for, using a very soft and very small brush.

Home care can do much for the child's teeth, but with the best of home care should be given the dentist's attention. Decaying teeth can often be given a soft filling that will preserve them, while the filling will not be a severe trial to the restless little ones.

And when I have said, take all the care possible of the children's teeth at home, beside putting them in the care of the dentist, it would seem that I had said enough, but there is this caution left: Do not let any one draw a tooth until the crown is absorbed, and the tooth loose; and a string is the best instrument with which to draw one then.

Premature extraction of the first teeth causes irregularity of the second set, and often spoils the arch of the mouth, thus injuring the shape of the face for life.

Some patent tooth-washes are not desirable, so to avoid all danger, a good dentifrice can be made of prepared chalk and orris-root. This whitens and preserves the teeth, and is really the basis of all good tooth-powders.

Ladies' Journal.

GOING TO GRANDMOTHER'S.

BY C. H. DE B.

IT WAS a promise of long standing, that some day, mother and auntie would accompany little five-year-old to the Kindergarten. So one sunny morning found us intently watching bright faces, and active fingers, and listening to childish voices sweetly singing. After a time one of the teachers distributed boxes of small blocks to the children in her class, with the request that each child make something with them. Among the many wondrous creations made from a few blocks was a railroad train. On the teacher asking where the train was going a happy face was upturned to hers, and the reply quickly came, "to grandma's to spend Easter holidays." On hearing the magical word "grandma" a golden haired dot in the baby class who had attracted our attention by her seeming unconsciousness of anything but the work in her hands, quickly looked up, shook her curly mane, and excitedly cried, "me too doing to grandma's." A demure little maid shyly pulling her teacher's sleeve whispered, "me and Tom's going to grandma's Good Friday, and we are going to stay all day."

The delight of these little ones at the mere thought of a visit to grandmother's sent thought travelling backward to happy hours long ago. Memory, from the shadowy recesses of the brain's picture gallery, brought in orderly array picture after picture of the past, making them appear as one harmonious whole. Gazing with my mental vision upon these bright reminders of the past, the room with its happy little faces faded away, the present was forgotten, and I was again a child on my way to grandmother's.

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There are five of us. Father, mother, brother Joe, sister Alice, and myself, the eldest of the three. Yes, there are six of us for father is driving old Fan, our gentle and trust-worthy friend and playmate. We are nearly there, and glimpses of the house can be caught through the trees. We children are pointing out familiar objects, and all chattering at once. "There's the harvest apple tree," cried Joe, "and there's the snow apple tree, and look mother there's the limb on the ground yet that broke when I fell and sprained my wrist. Oh! the cherries are ripe, and what lots of them." We can no longer sit still, but stand clinging to the back of the seat in front, dancing, and fairly bubbling over with excitement. Even Fan shares in our excitement, and has, of her own accord, increased her speed, until the dust is flying in clouds far behind. Visions of former feasts of sweet clover, and extra measures of oats, no doubt, rise before her as she seems almost to fly over the ground. "I saw the dining-room window first," shouts Alice, and we all strain our eyes to see if grandmother is sitting in her rocking-chair knitting there. "Hello! hello grandmother! hello Bell! we're coming, hello!" A shrill bark, and Rover darts around the corner of the house, and rushes to meet us. "Rover, Rover, here Rover," we call, just as if Rover were not coming as fast as his legs can carry him. We pass the quaint old house covered with vines and roses, and surrounded with trees and flowers. Pass the front entrance with its broad walk bordered on each side by a long prim bed of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, and drive through the side gate which stands hospitably open, as if waiting to welcome us. "Ah! there's grandmother standing on the verandah, and there's Bell. We're coming grandmother, good morning! good morning! good morning!" we all shout, and jump and tumble out of the carriage anyway, whether we alight on hands, feet, or both, it matters not if we but reach the ground and grandmother. Such a happy, noisy, hand-shaking, kissing time. Grandmother, father, mother and children, all laughing and talking together. Rover leaping, barking, and wagging his stubby tail, and startled chickens scudding noisily away.

Accompanied by Bell (who is only three years my senior) and Rover, we start on a tour of inspection. To the orchard first, for it has a threefold attraction. A pet lamb, which comes to meet us, and after being petted and admired follows us around; a colt with funny long legs and big soft eyes, too timid to be petted; and ten downy, yellow chicks we dare not touch, as the mother hen ruffles up her feathers and darts wrathfully at us.

SHOES AND STOCKINGS ARE SOON OFF AND ALL FOUR ARE PADDLING.

Grandmother is standing in the door beckoning. "I'll run you a race," cries Joe, off we all start, without waiting for word to go, and in a few minutes four panting, laughing little figures stand ranged in front of the door. "If somebody will only pick some cherries I will make cherry pies for dinner" grandmother is saying. We all eagerly volunteer, and are soon provided with baskets and pails, and busily at work. The cherries that do not find their way into our mouths are dropped into the pails, but under this disadvantage four sets of busy fingers soon finish the task. Now what shall we do next? Bell suggests a game of hide-and-seek in the barns. Another race. We never walk it takes too long. Such glorious hiding places as we find, and secret, unheard of ways, of getting home free." We climb the ladders to the lofts, bury ourselves in the hay, clamber into the dark grain bins and creep behind barrels.

The sight of a hen proudly cackling diverts our attention from hide-and-seek to hens' nests. A search is at once made for eggs which sly hens may have hidden away. We peep into all manner of out-of-the-way places, and crawl under the barns, and many a nest full of eggs do we find. Hats do service as baskets, and in triumph we carry our treasures to the house.

Grandmother is just about to blow the big dinner horn for Uncle Richard who was working far back in the fields, but on our approach surrenders it to us. We take turns at blowing, and how we shriek and laugh at the noises we make. Such wheezy moans and resounding blasts were surely never heard before. No one would ever dream the old horn was capable of making such diabolical sounds. Uncle Richard always declares the first time the old horn had a spell, he thought either grandmother or the horn had gone crazy. Mother endures the noise just as long as she can, then takes the horn and hangs it on its hook behind the kitchen door, and away we scamper to meet Uncle Richard, who is coming up the lane with his team of beautiful horses. Each horse is made to bear a double burden, and into the stables we ride in high glee.

Dinner is ready. How good it smells. How hungry we are. We take our places at the table, and bow our heads while grandmother, in a low, sweet voice, asks a blessing. "Oh God, bless the food which thou hast given unto us, and while we eat of this which nourishes the body may we not forget to partake also of the food which nourishes the spirit. Amen."

We are served with mealy potatoes and boiled eggs (some of those we gathered cooked specially for us), thick slices of home-made bread and butter, milk half cream, and finally a huge piece of cherry pie. How good everything tastes, and we eat, and eat, until we really cannot eat any more.

Dinner is over, and we go with Uncle Richard to watch him harness the horses, and have a ride in the great lumber waggon back to the woods. What a jolly ride it is. The springs are stiff, and the road rough, and we go bumpety bump, over the stones and rough places. As we near the woods the happy brook greets us with low gurgles of delight. Shoes and stockings are soon off, and Rover, and all, are paddling and splashing in the warm sparkling water. With sticks, stones, and sods, we make dams and fairy islands. The islands are carpeted with soft green moss and bright yellow buttercups, and with pretty pebbles gathered from the bed of the stream, chairs and tables are

GRANDMA HERSELF.

made. Such lovely fairy homes, and we talk of how pleased the fairies will be when night comes, and how they will dance and sing in their new homes. How busy and happy we are.

Why there goes the horn. It cannot be supper time, we are sure it cannot be, but we know it is when Uncle Richard comes with horses and waggon. We gather up shoes and stockings, and scramble in, and bumpety bump, bumpety bump, we go back to the barn.

Faces and hands are washed in the tin basin that always stands on a bench near the cistern, and dried on the long towel hanging over a roller back of the kitchen door, hair combed, and dirty, wet pinafores replaced by clean ones. A blessing is again asked, and then supper. More slices of bread and butter, eggs and rich milk, and stewed cherries, cookies, and curly cakes (doughnuts.)

We are preparing for the ride homeward now. Grandmother with scissors in hand, leads the way to her flower garden, and unsparingly clips sweet Williams, roses, mignonette, marigolds and peonies. Such a great ,brilliant boquet. It would make a dozen city boquets. Now we are in the pantry, and grandmother is filling a basket with goodies which are also to accompany us home.

We are all ready and waiting for father and Fan, and as I look at grandmother with her sweet face, silvered hair, black lace cap, plaid kerchief crossed over her bosom, and black silk apron, I think how lovely she is. She looks down at me and smiles, then leans over and kisses me, and I know nobody's grandmother is half so lovely as mine.

Something touches me, with a start I look down to see a bright, eager face, and a little hand holding up a card on which is pricked out the outline of a lamb, and a sweet voice is saying "Auntie, Auntie, look at my lamb, I made it all myself."

In one heart-beat thought leaps the chasm of years, and I am again living in the present. For a few minutes time's heavy curtain had been drawn aside, and in viewing the bright scenes disclosed, I had been again a child visiting grandmother.

For the Ladies' Journal.

Fairyland.

BY ANNIE L. NORRIS.

When Venus glitters southward,
  Like a star of burnished gold—
And the clouds seem thrown together
  Into many a fleecy fold—
And the beauty of the moonlight
  Seems descending on the breeze—
And the sky's deep perfect azure,
  Hath a glow like summer seas;
When the frosty hedges glitter—
  And the stately pine-tree shakes
Its boughs, all strung with silver—
  What a fairyland it makes!
Oh when the heart is happy
  Life takes on a rosier glow!
We see diamonds in each dew drop,
  Fairy footprints on the snow.

For the Ladies' Journal.

Winter.

BY HARVEY REESE.

Beneath its still, white sheet of down,
  The sleeping earth lies dreaming,
And through the silent, leafless trees,
  The winter sun is gleaming.

The alders dip to the frozen stream,
  Where the ice-bound water slumbers,
And airy feathers from angel wings
  Are falling in rythmic numbers.

The snowbird flutters across the hill,
  Where the cold northwind is sighing,
And before the gale the ragged clouds,
  Swift to the south are flying.

A Valentine.

Up from the South the birds are flying, flying—
  Seeking each his mate.
Eagerly each to his love is crying, crying—
  Lest he be too late.

Darling, a heart to thee is flying, flying—
  Seeking its sweet mate;
Eagerly to its love 'tis crying, crying—
  Say 'tis not too late!

Over the earth the winds are sighing, sighing—
  Whispering soft and low;
Deep in her breast are snowdrops lying, lying—
  Till sunshine bid them blow.

And fond desires to me are sighing, sighing—
  Whispering soft and low;
Deep in my breast my love is lying, lying—
  Till sunshine bid it blow.

A Prophecy.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-four,
The world seeks wisdom more and more;
Eighteen hundred and ninety-five,
Tyranny is doomed ne'er to revive;
Eighteen hundred and ninety-six,
Great revision in polities;
Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven,
Plain to see the Kingdom of Heaven;
Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight,
All wrong things meeting their fate;
Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine,
The world shall in the truth combine
Nineteen hundred, oh joy to tell,
Brings in the day of Israel.

Economy.

Save your time, by learning to do the right thing at the right time, and in the best, easiest and shortest way possible. Save your strength in the same way, and also by using labor-saving machines. Take at least a few minutes' rest, when you are too tired to do your work well, for not to do work right is a waste of time and strength. Make it a pleasure for the children to "help mother," instead of a duty which they think is more than should be expected of them.

Save your patience. You may need it sometime when greater than the present trials surround you, and if you keep losing it in part every day you can never get it together again. If you save your time and strength, much of your patience will be stored up for future use; will power must do the rest.

Save your breath; don't scold. You may die "for want of breath" sooner if you scold than you might otherwise.

Save the love of your little ones and the sunshine they bring into your home. Some day your life will be dark when this sunshine has entered the home above. Some day their love may go out toward some one beside you.

Save food by cooking just enough and no more; by avoiding rich pastry, cakes, etc., and choosing only that which is wholesome. Utilize cold victuals by making appetizing dishes whose origin is disguised.

Save clothing; not by merely buying the lowest in price, but the most durable and best looking that your purse will allow. Higher priced goods sometimes, in fact generally, prove to be the cheapest in the end, as they will look well if made over several times.

Save furniture by buying that which will stand long and hard usage, and depend on your artistic talents to brighten and ornament it. Let your first thought in buying furniture be First, comfort; second, use; third, durability; and last, style.

Save money. One who saves time, strength, patience, love, food, clothing and furniture, generally has the knack of saving money, but, as there are as many ways of saving money as there of making money, it is useless to attempt to tell of them here. "A penny saved is a penny earned."—Good Housekeeping.

"Does It Matter?"

What matters it? Blue skies or grey?
  Both must sink in the sunset sea.
What matters it? A year or a day
  Time must change to eternity.

Did you ever think of life in this way? Did you ever wonder when everything went wrong, and the world seemed upside down, if you would not be better sleeping in some quiet "six feet of earth" on a green hillside, and did the thought come, that then it would matter little whether your life had been hard and the world cold and grey, or your lot a bright and happy one.

It is an idea which certainly comes to few of us, in times of trouble, or, if it comes, brings no great amount of consolation with it. And yet a certain amount of suffering is necessary to our moral and mental well-being. "Some days must be dark and dreary," lest we forget to appreciate the sunshine scattered along the way by the great Father whose "goodness never faileth."

Summer Youth—"Then do you really love me, darling?"

Summer Girl—"Passionately, my own! I am yours now until death!"

Summer Youth—"And have you any references from your last engagement?"

Toronto Bootblack: See de old hunks wid de eyeglasses? Watch me fetch him. [Raising his voice.] Dazzling brilliancy imparted to pedal covertures for a reasonable pecuniary compensation while you linger. The Old Hunks (from Boston): Here, boy.

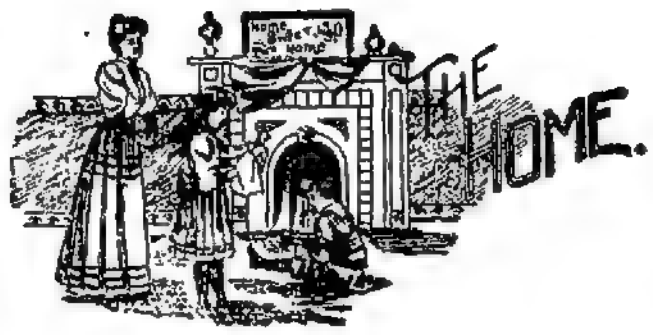
The fool-killer writes "I take great pleasure in making the usual acknowledgments to those who have helped me in my work. But I also feel constrained to embrace this opportunity to call attention to the fact that fewer women get off street cars backward year by year, while the practice of blowing out the gas has become practically obsolete, all of which seems to emphasize the reasonableness of my request for a regular assistant."

Certainly, she who writes the following has learned one of the great lessons: "It is kind of you to wish me 'well and happy.' I am never well, and this spring I am farther from being so than usual; but few people are happier, I think.

You eat too much when you eat what you have not honestly earned.

You overtalk when you commence to discuss the affairs of your neighbors.

BRIDGET WAS OF A RETIRING DISPOSITION.



Home Joy.

I like to read in papers that are published out of town
Of how Amanda Pilkins is engaged to Silas Brown;
Of how the Squire Magoffy, with his wonted enterprise,
Has put new shingles on his barn, and added to its size.
I love to read of straw rides of the Punkinville elite;
Of how the sarsaparilla at Pillmaker's is a treat;
Of how Miss Susan Willow is to spend the holidays
With Hattie Jorkins Underwood—"at least so rumor says."

I love to read the notices the country papers print
About the marked ability of Junius Brutus Squint,
The "Eminent Tragedian, who shortly will appear
At Music Hall in his great roles of Grimesey and of Lear."
I dote upon the fashion notes these papers all contain—
Of how the sleeve is wider and the bustle's on the wane;
Of how "Miss Wilkes, of Main Street, makes the finest clothes on earth,
Which cannot even be surpassed by Felix or by Worth."

It pleases me to note therein that "Farmer Jones has raised
A pumpkin seven feet around that every one has praised."
'Tis pleasing, too, to read the good advice these journals give
To people who're uncertain what is proper where they live.
But, best of all the things they print, in all the rural press,
Are Christmas hints, which tell us how to turn an old silk dress
Into a mantel cover for a Christmas gift for ma,
And how to make a beaver hat into a flower-jar;

Which tell the husband how to take a shingle and a knife,
And sculp a handsome bracket for the boudoir of his wife;
Which show how cast-off boxes can be fashioned into things
Which on the merry Christmas morn seem pressnts fit for kings.
I love this column most of all because, it seems to me,
It shows the old-time spirit of the Christmas-tide to be
Still in existence somewhere, not, as some think, wholly lost,
Because some judge the value of a present by its cost.

A Welcoming Hostess.

Have you ever thought of the different greetings you receive in the different homes you visit? During the holiday season, when visits are in order, much may be said upon this important subject.

In some homes friends are just as really warm-hearted towards you as in others, but there is a chill in their greetings nevertheless. The feeling wears off in a short time that you are an unwelcome visitor, and when you take your departure it is with real regret; but were you to visit that home a short time after, you would have all this initial performance to repeat with the same gratifying result. That hostess has yet to learn the art of welcoming her friends.

In other homes your foot is not on the threshold before you feel the welcome, before a word is spoken. A writer in Good Housekeeping thus describes a real welcome she received:

On my arrival I was not ushered into that cold and friendless apartment known as the spare room, (indeed I think there were no spare rooms in my friend's house,) but into what the children told me was "grandma's room," for grandma was then away on a visit to her son. The big old-fashioned rocker, the well-filled bookcase of carefully prized volumes, on the upper shelf of which stood grandma's little old Queen Anne teapot and cady of tea, with the quaint cups and saucers to match, relics of bygone days, were so homelike and pleasant; could one feel anything less than at home amongst such memories of the past?

Not till we sat down to the tea table did I learn that Bridget had been called away to attend a sick mother, leaving in her stead a young, incompetent girl, who could ill supply her place. But even this awkward circumstance did not make my hostess less at her ease, or my welcome less assured.

When tea was over I was not sent off to the parlor to finger uneasily a book (conscious all the while that my hostess was playing the part of her own housemaid), but a clean, white apron tied on to save my dress, together we polished the silver and glass, laughing all the while at the recollection of the last party we had given in our room at school to a group of eight girls, while one knife, fork and spoon was made to do service for the whole number.

When friends called, as they frequently did on church business, I was never made to feel in the way or an intruder into the secrets that belonged only to the minister and his family.

If I came into the parlor and seated myself in a chair, the entire family did not rise, and the host beg me to take the chair in which he had been sitting. Such an act, though well meant, says as plainly as if spoken, "We must not forget or allow you to forget that you are a stranger among us." But in the atmosphere of the home I breathed a welcome which said: "We have taken you into our home life, and your coming has not disturbed its internal arrangement."

During the stay there was a "social" held in the church parlors; I was permitted to take my place among the regular "bread-and-butter cutters," as naturally as if I had dwelt among them all my days; but what I enjoyed still more were the visits we paid together into some of the poorer wards of the city, where we had to pick our way through muddy lanes and up rickety stairways to find some poor suffering ones who gladly receive our little gifts of fruit and flowers, and bade us "come again."

Not much genius in that kind of entertainment, you say? There is an art in it that few possess, for oh, to one who has never known the privileges of a home, such entertaining is like a little foretaste of heaven.

Untimely Calls.

Before a woman can successfully follow any occupation at home there is one evil that will have to be suppressed—untimely calls. We all know the visiting neighbor. She is liable to come at any hour up to 12 o'clock at night, and in my neighborhood she sometimes comes later to borrow the campher bottle or the mustard box, or to insist that I shall get up to help her determine whether her children have the scarlet fever or the smallpox.

If there is one day above all others when I want to be unmolested that is the day she is sure to appear with her needle-work and her children.

Yesterday, with proof to read, a stack of letters to answer, and articles to write, with cake to bake and luncheon to get, and a committee to meet at 3 o'clock, she came in and took the rocking chair and said, as she swayed back and forth, "I knew you would be lonesome, so I came over to get you to show me how to knit a white silk hood for baby." With a feverish glance at the clock and another at her 2-year-old child, industriously digging a hole in the brocatel top of my best chair, I hunted up my needles and cast on the stitches, and set her to work, and then tried to escape to the kitchen and my cake-baking, but was stopped on my way out by another neighbor who said: "Oh, Mrs. Preston! Do show me how to make ginger snaps. I came over on purpose. How do you manage to make them so thin and crisp?"

I had only time to say, "Boil your molasses and roll them out warm," when there was another ring or rather knock on my primitive door, and several ladies swept in. And all flushed and covered with flour, I realized that I had been honored by society and fashion. The hour hand traveled swiftly around on the clock, and when I was once more at liberty to resume my work, I could have cried with disappointment and vexation. My cake was burned, my luncheon almost a failure, and when I closed my eyes that night, I thought with a sigh, what an unprofitable day this has been! And it is a counterpart of many more, and if anyone can suggest a remedy I would be glad to hear it.

Denim Draperies and Carpets.

How few people have become acquainted with the article called denim, but which is really a heavier quality of blue jeans. It is being extensively used by those who know a good thing when they see it, but to the majority of housekeepers its delightful possibilities are unknown.

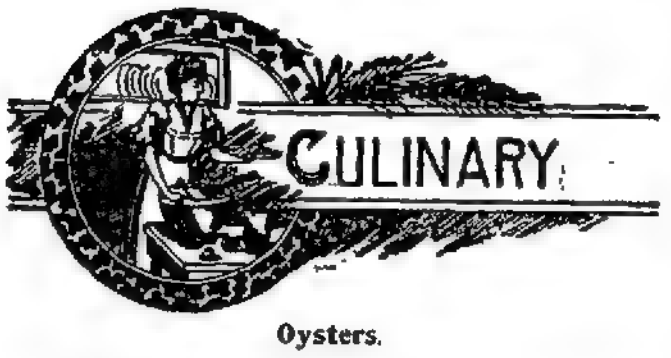
For a room not too hardly used, as a guest chamber, it is the very thing for a carpet. A friend of mine cut up bits of old cloth, too stained and worn for other uses, tacked them over carpet paper in a small room, and then sewed together her denim carpet on the sewing machine. When put down it was not only beautiful, but not a footfall could be heard in the room.

At the one window, she put drapery curtains of denim, long straight folds upon rings and a pole. The door had portiers of the same. White sash curtains, made by the way, from an old white dress skirt, were inside the denim drapery at the window. The bed was a single bed, white painted iron, woven wire springs, cost six dollars. It had a denim over cover and this came clear up over the bolster. A blue oblong piece made a splasher for the washstand and cover for it and the oak chiffoner. A 49-cent rocker with blue cushion and two very simply framed prints on the wall finished the room, and as it was the only guest room, I have slept in it many times and think with pleasure of the comfort of the little blue nest.

White, or cream white, goes well with it in any way, but few housekeepers have much time to devote to embroidery, and content themselves with band trimming, if trimming they must have, of the wrong side of the denim. It is so many shades lighter that it makes a good contrast. Blue and white silkoline or scrim now on sale at 15 cents per yard combines well with the soft blue of the denim. Bamboo or rattan is specially pretty with it in the way of furniture, although the ever-popular oak, poplar, curly maple, cherry, all will look well with it and be in good taste as far as color harmony goes.

Rugs of blue and white jute, Japanese rugs as they are called, seem made for the denim carpet foundation. So do the hand-made grandmother spreads of blue and white, found in many farm houses and which are now copied in bedspreads of modern manufacture. Far better, at 18 cents a yard, is this denim as floor covering, that outwears the low priced matting and as time goes on, assumes, not fades, into a quieter hue which is most acceptable to the artistic eye.

Thanks to "Dudley Dorn" for telling us that salt would kindle a slow fire. I was sitting, waiting for my irons to heat and lamenting the slow fire, when I read her article, and jumped up exclaiming "Good for Dudley Dorn!" I soon had a brisk fire, and felt, perhaps I knew something about salt the sisters did not know. If your chimney burns out when you don't wish it to, just throw salt on the fire and you will soon control it. I clean my flat-irons with salt when they are sticky; I use salt in a rinse water to set colors; we eat salt on water-melon to prevent cholera morbus; I also put a little in a glass of fresh buttermilk to prevent it bloating.



Oysters.

They call us "luscious bivalves,"
"Befrilled, backboneless creatures,"
But when R is in the month
We're food for gods and preachers.
We always are nutritious,
Quite exquisitely delicious,
Is a statement that can never be denied,
But we suddenly grow vicious
Toward your stomach quite malicious,
When we're fried.

[Note—But when we are fried according to the method given below we are not so bad after all.]

Table Manners.

The habit of rapid eating is so prevalent that the youth of to-day are growing up into a gluttonous manhood. Dining at a friend's house recently, the writer was horrified to see the children shoveling in their food like coal into an empty furnace, allowing little or no time for mastication, heaping the fork so full of food by means of the knife shovel, that part would drop off on to the cloth. No conversation was indulged in save the half inarticulate cry for more of this or that or the other edible. Remonstrance on the part of the parents seemed useless and really the enormity of the crime did not evidently dawn upon them, but the writer was stunned with surprise that in this enlightened age such gluttony could be allowed.

Three times a day in most families the household is gathered at the table. It is the rallying-place for the family. There father, mother, and children meet, and there the opportunity is given to discuss whatever pleasant thing has happened, whatever little neighborhood matter of interest there may be, the incidents of school life, and, in short, the whole tenor of affairs interesting to a family.

It is the greatest pity when family meals must be hurried, and when people suffer their little ill tempers or their great anxieties to overshadow the general pleasantness. If father or mother is cross or tired, by all means let either keep the fact as much as possible in the background and try to be as agreeable and sweet as they possibly can when at table with the children. The spirit of true politeness should reign, and a loving harmony prevail.

No school of etiquette has so many opportunities, or gives so many chances to its members to learn the best way of doing things, as the family table. Therefore it is best, at the simplest home meal, to observe in the main the ceremony and to use the conventionalities which are appropriate at a formal dinner or other meal. If children are accustomed always to good manners at the home table, they will never suffer from awkwardness or clumsiness when visiting. Of a certain young woman it was said, the other day, "She is extremely well bred, and yet she has passed her life in a simple backwoods village remote from towns." The explanation was that the girl had lived in an atmosphere of courtly manners all her life, and the little table in the wilderness was always as decorous and as nicely appointed as the most elegant one in the city could be. Her parents had not left behind them their urban polish when they went to settle in the woods.

Fried Oysters.

For frying oysters, first make your cracker meal and then season it with pepper and salt; then beat up three eggs and add to them a pint of sweet milk; then beat all well together. Drain your oysters; then throw in your cracker meal, then drop them, one at a time, into the batter, then back again into the meal and pat them gently so the meal will stick on them and you have a nice shape to them. Now put on your lard or cottolene. You want to see that it is smoking hot before you drop your oysters in. Use a medium-sized skillet; never try to fry more than a half dozen at a time, for they will cool the grease and your oysters will come out soft and not fit to eat.

How to Boil a Ham.

"When a ham is to be boiled, it must, in the first place, be scrubbed in lukewarm water, with a brush kept only for that purpose, rinsed and patted dry with a clean towel. It must then be put into a kettle of cold water, the water completely covering the ham, and allowed to come to a boil, at which instant, without delay, the ham should be removed and the water thrown away. Repeat this cold water process thrice and the smoky taste will not be noticed in the ham. Then plunge it into a kettle of boiling water and remove to a place on the range where it will barely simmer. It must not fairly boil, but must bubble and tremble a little at the edges, and a large ham may keep up this process for twelve hours; a small ham may possibly reach perfection in ten. Fast boiling makes ham stringy and tough; it makes it boil to rags. Now take the ham from the kettle, remove the rind, stick fat and lean impartially with cloves, few or many, according to the taste, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and brown in a very hot oven. As the ham is already sufficiently cooked, it should not remain too long in the oven. It should be tender enough to be divided with a fork, and firm enough to be cut in thin slices by the carver. If these directions are closely followed, the ham will be delicious.

Famous Mince Meat.

The following recipe comes from a housekeeper of experience, who considers it the best one that she has ever heard of. It will keep indefinitely without fermenting, if placed in an earthen crock, the top covered with cloth, and the cover put over this tightly. It is so economical that it will commend itself to many readers for a trial.

Purchase at the market about six or seven pounds of the hind shank of beef. Put this on to boil indefinitely, until the meat falls away from the bone. Remove the meat, and use the liquid for a soup stock. Chop the meat, when cold, very fine; reserve one bowlful of it for the pie meat, and to the remainder add salt and pepper to taste, a bit of clove, and, if liked, some summer savory. Put this into a stew-pan with sufficient stock to moisten it well, and let it simmer until all the stock is absorbed. Then pack it in a square bread tin, and you will have a delicious beef loaf, which can be sliced cold for tea, or can be used for sandwiches at lunch.

With the bowlful of chopped meat saved for the mince meat, add the spices first—two tablespoonfuls salt, a bit of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful clove, one teaspoonful ginger, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one tablespoonful allspice and some grated lemon peel. Mix thoroughly through the meat, and add one bowlful chopped apple, one bowlful of brown sugar, a little more than half a bowlful of chopped suet, one heaping bowlful of chopped and seeded raisins, one-half bowlful of currants, one-quarter of a pound of chopped citron and the juice of a lemon. Moisten with cider (boiled cider is excellent if it can be obtained). Place in a crock, cover tightly, and let it stand for several days. When ready for use add fresh chopped apples, the amount to depend upon the number of pies to be made, also add a little more cider, and more sugar and spices to suit taste.

Some Appetizing Sauces.

A good sauce helps out a cold or indifferent meal to the extent of transforming what would otherwise have been a poor dinner into one that will be remembered for its savoriness. Nor are sauces difficult to make.

There is one little housekeeper who thinks she could not keep house without a mayonnaise sauce on hand. Every Saturday a pint bottle of oil is used in the manufacture of a quantity sufficient to last a week. There is not half as much labor or science in making this sauce as the cook books would seem to call for. The essentials are a very fresh and cold egg, and very cold oil. It is well to place both in the icebox over night. Cotton seed oil, at twenty-five cents a pint, is really just as good as the most costly imported oil.

Put the yolk of the egg into a dish large enough to hold the quantity you wish to make, and stir it round and round with a fork, always stirring one way; after a few minutes commence adding the oil in a thin stream, and keep up a constant stirring; when it thickens too much, add a little lemon juice; when all is used, season to taste with mustard, cayenne and salt. The mustard may be put with the egg in the beginning.

This dressing, with a few leaves of lettuce and a couple of sliced tomatoes with some minced celery, or of any one of the different salad combinations, makes a delicious course.

Dainty Desserts.

LEMONS.—The keen acidity of the lemon removes it from the list of edible fruits; but its strong, agreeable flavor makes it a world-wide favorite in the realm of cookery, in the preparation of cooling drinks, and in the toning and flavoring of compounds too numerous to mention. As a flavor for puddings, sauces, ices, and the like, its use is so nearly universal that no recipes need here be given. But the following selection is offered, in the belief that it will be found helpful in the household, and especially to the comparatively inexperienced housewife:—

LEMON CREAM.—Beat together the juice and grated rind of a large lemon, a cupful of sugar, one of cream, and half a cupful of cold water. Then add the well-beaten whites of three eggs; heat half a cupful of milk, thicken it with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, made smooth, and add that also. Then turn the mixture into a mold and set it on the ice to cool. It is served plain or with whipped cream.

LEMON PIE.—Into a cupful and a half of sugar stir two heaping teaspoonfuls of flour, add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs and the whites of two beaten stiff, the juice of two lemons, the grated rind of one, and a cupful of cold water. Line two deep pie plates with paste, fill with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven. When done cover with a meringue made from the whites of the four eggs and a cupful of powdered sugar; cover the pies and brown lightly.

A PRETTY DISH.—Peel a dozen ripe bananas, dip them in beaten white of egg, then roll carefully in a dish of powdered sugar, place in a hot oven five minutes. Lift them out on a napkin and heap on a pretty glass or silver stand. This makes a delicious and handsome centrepiece for the tea table.

FRIED APPLES FOR INVALIDS.—Do not peel, but wash the apples well. Slice and drop into hot cottolene. Be sure the cottolene is hot enough to crisp the outside of the apples at once. Test it with a piece of white bread; if it browns quickly it is right. Dust the apples with powdered sugar, slightly flavored with cinnamon.

An Appropriate Present.

"Did you hear, did you hear
What the first of the year
Has brought as a present to me?
I'll tell you—yes, yes,
But first you must guess.
Now what do you think it can be?

"'Twas just half asleep
Whin I took a peep
At its two little cunning blue eyes,
They gave little winks
And queer little blinks,
And looked very sober and wise.

"'A dear little kitty?'
No, no—'tis a pity
You cannot guess better than that!
Why what a mistake
To think I should make
Such a fuss about only a cat!

"It has little feet
As dimpled and sweet!
And soft little pretty brown hair.
'A beautiful doll?'
No, no, not at all;
I have dollies enough and to spare.

"But you are so slow,
I cannot wait so;
What very poor guesses you give,
I knew very well
You never could tell;
Now listen, as sure as you live—

"The darlingest, cunningest, wee little sister!
She looked up at me as I patted and kissed her.
I said in a whisper, I'm sure she could hear,
'You precious! I wish you a very good year.'"

—The Household.

MY DEAR VIOLETS,—Cousin Constance's heart is filled with pleasure at the thought of the joyous year in prospect, in which to get better acquainted with you and do more than has been done in the past to keep you in touch with things Canadian and womanly.

During the rush of holiday trade I have often been pleased by the extreme patience and sweetness of the lady clerks, or salesladies in our large stores, and speaking of this reminded me of a little incident that occurred in a Canadian City which I quote for encouragement to my Violets.

"She was showing gloves to one of those dreadfully trying customers who are bent on turning over everything in the store. She found fault with the style, the shade, the price, and the fit, and I don't believe had any intention of buying at the beginning. The poor girl was very patient though, and brought out box after box, only to have them criticised and pushed aside. We noticed that the girl looked pale and tired and of course felt sorry for her. Presently, as she happened to look around at us, we gave her a little smile of sympathy and good-will. A brighter look came over her face, and a moment after as she came near us to get a new box of gloves, she half stopped and said in a low tone, 'Pray for me, won't you? I do need the prayers of Christians.' Wasn't it strange that she knew we were Christians and that we were feeling sorry for her?"

"That's just what Miss G—— said in the class this morning," chimed in a voice across the table. "She said that if we really have Christ's Spirit in our hearts it will show out in our faces, and people will know that we are His children."

Some one at another table is just giving a lively account of her experiences at the Italian mission, when at the tinkle of a little bell a sudden silence falls over all the room. A young lady with a bundle of newspapers comes forward and gives a brief resume of the news of the day. As she takes her seat a voice begins singing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Scores of voices take up the strain, and as the last notes die away, all heads are reverently bowed, and one after another leads in brief prayer. Another soft tinkle of the bell and chairs are pushed back, and the chatter of merry voices breaks out again. It fills the rooms, penetrates the halls, ascends the stairs, grows fainter as the speakers separate more and more, and at last dies away.

The Menagerie.

Let any one who wants to make a merry evening for the children try the following game.

The one in charge of the affair goes to each person in the room, and after advising him not to tell his new name to any one, whispers, "You are a cow." To the next she says, "You are an elephant." To the third, "You are a hen," and so on until she has given a name to each one. Even if two or three have received the same name the fun is not lessened.

Stepping to the centre of the room the leader explains:

"The game we have to-night is a hundred years old, but you can make it new by playing it better than ever it was played before. I shall recite a verse to you and when I mention the name given to any of you, you are to make the sound which the creature would make.

"I had a little dog
And he pleased me,
I fed him under
A green bay tree,
And he went—
And I was pleased
As I could be."

The manager pauses after "And he went—" just long enough for the shy little girl in the corner to bark and then goes on with—

"And I was pleased
As I could be."

If you have given several the same name, as goats, or hens, or peacocks, change your rhyme accordingly.

"I had some goats,
And they pleased me,
I fed them under
A green bay tree.
And they went—
And I was pleased
As I could be."

You will be surprised at the different sounds given to represent the same creature.

To the very little ones give the animals or birds whose sounds are easily imitated. They will be delighted to be bob-whites or robins, or crows, or cats, but let the bright big girls and boys, or even the grown folks, puzzle their brains and throats about the kind of a noise a monkey, an elephant or an alligator makes. They will be looking it up the next day.

Having gone through the list of names given, the entire company responds in chorus to the following:

"I had a menagerie
And it pleased me,
I fed it under
A green bay tree,
And it went—
And I was pleased
As I could be."

After the uproar which will fill this blank you may add, if you can truthfully,

"And I was pleased
As I could be."

Womanly Women.

In these days, when the women of Canada are taking a place in the front ranks of affairs, the girls are probably the better half of the population—of course they are. But girls and young ladies are not always without faults; they are like all of us, liable to blunder, and it is important they set before themselves splendid ideals. To be the mothers of men, if men were only more godlike, would certainly be the grandest mission intrusted to any of God's creatures. We are largely molded and shaped by our mothers, our sisters and our sweethearts. If the girls only knew how much we craved their smiles, their confidence and esteem, and how we look upon them as being our superiors in all that is good and true, they would be more guarded in their words and acts. We think a pure, sweet woman the best of all God's creation. We want to see in you only what we can admire, adore—I was about to say worship. We don't like to see you flirting, or rude, laughing, loud, or whistling. We don't like to see you out of temper, or spiteful. We feel hurt when we find you in even little things untrue to yourself, or other girls. We never like to hear you speak in unkind tones of any one, especially of other girls; it so brings you down to earth, you know, and makes us think that after all we are most as good as you are. When you are good and kind, we strive to be like you, and to be worthy your love and best regard.

God's Blessed Boon of Rest.

REST IN TALK.

That is a pleasant rest. To sit still and listen to the quiet talk of somebody else, somebody who will not require an answer from you—a charitable somebody who will not mind if gradually, as the talk drifts into a monotone, your eyes close and a refreshing sleep of ten minutes comes to you. Generally, talk is work with a nervous girl. She is so eager to show that she is up in everything, so anxious to be considered intelligent and cultured that she forgets that listening is part of conversation, and she degenerates into what is called a great talker. And that means one who absorbs the conversation. But she who is wise, and who finds rest in talk, will listen with intelligence, and once in a while say something worth hearing. But she will not determine to tell all she knows at once, or to drive all other talkers out of the field of conversation. Who has not been tired out by the restless talker—by the one who answers the question you did not ask her while she gives information to some one else who has forgotten more than she ever knew?

HOW TO REST.

Some girls don't know how to do this. They think rest and sleep synonymous, whereas rest may mean simply change in occupation. It may mean the sitting quiet for a while. It may mean the having a cup of tea, or a bit of bread and butter—the tea being that which does not hurt the nerves, and the bread and butter being that which is healthful and which tastes good. Often you don't eat enough, my dear girl, and you hurry too much when you do eat. Learn to linger over your meals, to talk to your father or mother pleasantly, and so to aid digestion by slow eating and bright conversation. Sometimes the best rest that comes is the sitting in an easy-chair and closing your eyes for ten minutes. Don't be afraid or ashamed of this. It is necessary if you wish to be a well and strong woman. You rest when you don't attempt too much, for then you do better work. Rest for you may mean reading a pretty story, while for me it may be leaving books and looking out at the green trees for a while. Find out that rest best suited to you and see that you have it.

Cause for Complaint.

"I don't like mamma at all," said Fred,
"I don't like mamma at all,"
And he drew his face in a queer grimace—
The tears were ready to fall;
And he gave his kitten a loving hug,
And disturbed her nap on the soft, warm rug.

"Why, what has your mamma done?" I asked,
"To trouble the little boy?
O, what has she done, the cruel one,
To scatter the smiles of joy?'
Through quivering lips the answer came,
"She—called—my—kitty—a—horrid—name."

"She did? are you sure?" and I kissed the tears
Away from the eyelids wet.
"I can scarce believe that mamma would grieve
The feelings of either pet.
What did she say?" "Boo-hoo!" cried Fred,
"She—called—my—kitty—a—quadruped!"

For the Ladies' Journal.

SCARFACE.

R. HENRY MAINER.

"I arose half blinded by the snow and was busy dusting it from my clothes when I happened to look up and there to my surprise not fifteen feet from me sat a large bear. It was a fierce old grisley, and I tell you lads, I was in a pretty tight place, and if my life had been insured, my friends might have counted the odds and got the cash for all the chance I had. Of course there was no time to think so I plumped old longbarrel up to my shoulder and fired.

"Before the smoke had cleared away sufficiently to allow me time to see what my next move would be I heard a loud growling noise, and down comes old grisley, and he and I rolled over each other fully ten feet farther into the ravine.

"I grasped the beast by the throat, and tried to get my hunting knife from my belt, but in vain; before I could reach it the brute caught my arm in his teeth and began to tear my back with his claws. The pain was terrible, and with a desperate effort I reached my hunting knife, and drawing it, I dashed it blindly into the side of the beast.

"The bear closed his great paws about me, my arms were tightly pinioned to my side, my head began to swim about and I gave it up as a gone goose. As my senses were rapidly leaving me I heard the report of a rifle, a shot plunged past my ear, the bear relaxed his grasp and fell to the snow as dead as that stuffed moose head above the door.

"All was dark for a moment or so but soon the faintness passed away and then on the topof the hill above me on the same place that the bear had sat, stood a tall, gaunt white man, dressed in a long fur coat and top boots, his grisled beard and hair hung in long curls over his broad shoulders. In a moment he was beside me, and for the first time for the last ten minutes, I believed I had not awakened in another world but was still in the land of the living.

"I tell you, boys, I was pretty sick after that fight. So my preserver picked me up as though I was a baby, slung me over his shoulder, grasped the dead bear with his other hand and carried me back to the camp.

"As we approached I could hear Jim saying in a very mournful tone, "I tell you, Bob, this is the first Christmas that old St. Nick ever left me in this sad pickle without the smelling of a Christmas dinner of some description, but by the hoky old spike horn Moses if here ain't the old duck himself a-carryin' old Scar on his shoulder, and luggin' a great fat b'ar behind him. I knew the old man hadn't forgot his yearly visit.

"On being set down I found that Bob's hunting had been unsuccessful and that his arrival had set poor, patient Jim reviling his fate and blaming it all on old Santa Claus because that day was Christmas day. Bob soon had a fire going and a short time later we were all comfortably seated enjoying a good meal of hot bear steaks.

"But here is the strangest part of my tale, which has always made me wonder when I think of it. As soon as we had eaten our fill, our gallant friend arose in a very dignified manner and without a word stalked off, and to this day I have never found out who he was or where he came from. The only plausible theory ever advanced was that expressed by Jim who believed that it was old Santa Claus himself, just arrived from his trip around the world the evening before."

At the conclusion of the tale, Old Scarface leapt to his feet, threw his pipe at his pet cat and took a turn up and down his shanty as the tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Ah, those were the grand old days, boys," he said sadly. "Sometimes I am sorry that I'm past the prime of life."

A little later we arose to bid him good-night, promising before we went, however, to come around and spend another evening with him in the near future.

On Purpose for the Boys.

I spoke about the importance of right ideals at the outset. Now, boys often get it into their precious heads that to smoke, or play cards, or even to drink something is manly. It isn't. Don't make that blunder. Many men do these things; but they would be nicer and better men if they did not, and they will nearly all, if they are honest with themselves, tell you so. Every man is a hero to some one. Now, my friend, choose for your hero a good man. One who does not smoke, or play at cards, or drink liquor; one who would serve the state or the country before he would his own individual purposes; one who is pure in his life, who is honest in his business, honest in his politics, generous to the poor and needy, kind to his wife and children, and one who makes the law of the Nazarene the rule for the conduct of his own life.

If every boy would take to himself such an ideal for his hero, the next generation would—what would it be? There would be no saloons; there would be no gamblers; there would be no thieves to break in and steal; there would be no corrupt politicians; there would be no hypocrites; there would be sweet content and happiness in almost every home. If there were any poor, they would not go hungry, and the burdens of their life would be lightened. Boys, is it not worth a trial to pick out a splendid hero, and then live like him, and resolve never to bring the blush of shame to our faces by doing a wrong act.

Character in Handwriting.

The majority of people find something mysterious in the faculty of reading character by handwriting, when it is the simplest thing in the world, and the result of the plainest rules. The best known "graphologist" learned the trick from a book which is accessible in any library. Anybody can do it if he cares to learn. Handwriting is exactly like walking; it is a result of a movement of the body, controlled by the brain, and shows the character even more conclusively. A crabbed, stingy man will write a crabbed, stingy hand. An egotistic man will curl his letters; a cautious man will use dashes instinctively, that nothing may be added; a passionate man will press hard upon his pen, because his hand is heavy; a vulgar man will flourish meaninglessly, and a conceited man fond of admiration will invariably linger long enough over his own signature to put a flourish of some sort under it. Actors and actresses invariably do this. Who cannot tell an even, calm temperament by an even, calm handwriting? There is no trick in it, but common sense.

Ragged Schoolboys.

Teachers in "Ragged Schools" receive wonderful replies from the scholars to questions asked to test their information. A lady once asked a boy of a Bristol night school, into which the very sweepings of the streets had been dumped, to tell her what conscience is.

"Conscience, ma'am," he answered, without hesitating, "is a thing a gen'elman hasn't got, who, when a boy finds his purse and gives it back to him, doesn't give the boy sixpence."

Some Riddles Our Grandfathers Solved.

Feet have they, but they walk not—stoves.
Eyes have they, but they see not—potatoes.
Noses have they, but they smell not—teapots.
Hands have they, but they handle not—clocks.
Mouths have they, but they taste not—rivers.
Ears have they, but they hear not—cornstalks.
Tongues have they, but they talk not—wagons.

"I took my boy to town the other day," said Wilkins. "We had lunch at the Delavin, and after that I took him to a matinee of Hamlet."

"That's a good idea. There's education in that," said Hicks. "Was he impressed?"

"Very much so," said Wilkins. "When we got home I said to him, 'Well, Willie, you've had a great day.' 'Yes,' said he. 'What did you think of Hamlet?' said I. 'Don't know,' said he. 'But I say, pa,' he added, 'wasn't that a boss mince pie we had?'"

A small tin bank was kept on the Hinmans' dining table, and if any of the four little Hinmans got a spot on the snowy cloth, he or she forfeited a penny, which was dropped into the little bank and used for charity.

One day Rupert, a boy of seven, was discovered rubbing with a spoon a part of the cloth hanging below the table in front of his chair.

"What are you doing?" asked mamma.

"Well, I'm trying to rub two spots into one; that's what?"

"Grandma," said Willie, "if you'll give me a dollar I'll buy you a lovely present. Honest I will—if it costs a whole dime."

Browning Bean, Jr.—Although I have deposited the required coin in the aperture designated by the extremely lucid and pithy directions and drawn the handle to its linear extent, yet I am not recompensed by even the vestige of a sweetmeat! For once the law of compensation is lacking expression.

Elocutionary.

Women on the Platform.

Of late years a great deal of attention has been paid to the matter of voice development, especially among women on the other side of the line. May the agitation spread to Canada is my earnest wish, for women in our country are not as a rule clear speakers. Some have clear voices and distinct enunciation. In conversation they rank higher than their sisters over the line, being possessed of sweet, light voices that are lacking only in volume and depth.

It is pure waste of time for women to go through the motion of talking when they know perfectly well their voices can not be heard more than ten feet away. If such would but put themselves under the care of an intelligent instructor in voice building, they would soon reach a high standard. It is not in voice culture alone that our women speakers are deficient, but gesture is a dangerous weapon in the hands of the inexperienced. Most women, owing probably to the restrictive nature of their dress, gesticulate awkwardly. A safe rule for the novice is keep the hands still, and the head and body also, for often under the influence of excitement the woman speaker is prone to rise on her toes to twist and to turn, or to bend forward ungracefully.

Two distinguished literary men were one day discussing certain peculiarities of our modern youth, when one of them remarked: "There is no more emotion among them. My children read books over which I used, at their age, to weep copiously, but they are apparently unmoved."

The twelve-year-old daughter of the speaker sat near by, drinking in the discussion. At this point she felt it necessary to defend her class.

"You are entirely mistaken, papa," she interpolated, with some heat. "It is not that emotion has gone out, it is only that self-control has come in."

Our women orators should not attempt to stifle their emotion. It is the lever which moves the world; but in delivering a public address it should be accompanied by the graceful self-control which the younger generatian so eloquently claims.

What is Going On.

Miss Nellie Ganthony, the noted English entertainer, has been charming large audiences throughout Canada. She appeared twice in the Grand Opera House here, twice in Massey Hall on Dec. 25th, and again in Massey Hall a short time ago, the last occasion being the one in which I had the pleasure of hearing her and also the larger pleasure of seeing her. It is a case of seeing more than hearing. Miss Ganthony is an inimitable mimic, but she never *mimics* that which is in any sense of the word, off color. She is a cultured lady.

Mr. Frank Yeigh instructed and amused a large audience in Association Hall recently, "A Trip to Norway" being the subject. The get up of the admission ticket was a novel one, and should serve as a hint to other entertainers. It ran something like this: Trip to Norway on the good ship Association Hall. Round trip tickets 25 cents. Berths may be secured at———

The lecture was illustrated by a magnificent collection of lime light views.

The elocutionary season throughout the Province is a remarkably quiet one, very little being done save by the best known professionals.

On the Porch.

'Twas too far to walk to Meeting and the horses had to plough,
John won't take them from the furrow for the Fourth-day Meeting now,
So I've had to give up going. But I always come out here
To keep the hour of Meeting, an' to feel the Presence near.

I know I'm growing feeble, an' Maria is quite right;
Though I hain't been sick in Meeting, yet most any time I might—

So I tidy frock and apron, and put on my sheerest cap,
And sit out on the side porch with the Bible on my lap.

I'll put the hard thoughts from my heart, and in the stillness wait
For the comfort an' the message to all who meditate.

The Book falls open at the text, "I will lift up mine eyes
Unto the hills, whence cometh help." Why! that is a surprise!

Why, all the livelong morning I've been thinking of the hills;
I was born an' raised among 'em. How that mock-bird's carol trills!

There was one beside the spring-house when Josiah came to me,
Where I stood a-churning butter, on that day in Tennessee.

His father was a minister—had reached for Friends, Firstday,
In Lost Creek Meetin'-house; an' they had mount' to ride away,

When Josiah, from the stirrup, turned back to get a drink
From the old spring by the dairy with the moss upon its brink.

I can see his eyes a-twinkle as I held the dripping gourd:
"Thee is like Rebekah at the Well. Now, does thee mind the word

"Which Eliezer brought her?" and I felt my hot cheek blush,
It was then the mock-bird's treble broke the early morning hush.

"Will thee come with me, Rebecca?" said Josiah, in my ear,
"I've an inward drawing to thee. Will thee be my wife, my dear?"

A "Yes," a kiss, and then he went. We met no more at all
Till the week that we were wedded, at Friend's Meeting, in the fall.

Tut, tut! This is too foolish! Let me think upon the Word;
Not let my thoughts go drifting off at carol of a bird.

"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills—" Th' flat country looked strange.
From my father's porch we looked right up to the old Smoky range;

I could see him as he journeyed up the mountain road, they went
To attend a Monthly Meeting up to Pine Creek Settlement.

We came 'way out to Ohio while I was yet a bride;
Were living here nigh forty year, an' then—Josiah died.

"I will lift—mine—eyes—" At evening, when the clouds mass in the west,
They look like the hills of heaven nigh the City of the Blest—

"Whence cometh help!" I like to think the call will come to me—
Josiah's self the messenger—"Come up; we wait for thee."

Oh, there must be hills in heaven! He will come down from the heights,
And we'll climb up from the valley till we see the heavenly lights.

Ah, the weary years of waiting! But "the time will seem not long"
When we hear the mock-bird's carol mingle with the angels' song.

Gymnasium Work for Women.

When "winter and rough weather" have succeeded in bringing most out-door sports to an end, the gymnasiums open their doors. In fact, they open them even before that, for the classes at many of them have been working now for two or three months. They are well patronized, too, though not so generally by those who are noted for their prowess in outdoor games as might be expected. I was told not long ago by a well-known tennis-player that during the winter the lack of the vigorous exercise to which she was accustomed was very trying to her, and that she never felt in proper condition until spring allowed her to begin playing again. She had tried court-tennis, but had decided that many of its principles were so different from those of lawn-tennis that it spoiled her game. Now gymnasium work would be a fine thing for that girl. Good all-round exercise with the different kinds of apparatus would keep her muscles limber, make her feel better, and prevent her from being entirely out of training when next spring comes.

Whatever the special method of exercise used at the different gymnasiums, there is always a thorough system about the work. It is graded from the simple movements for beginners, through constantly more complex and severe ones, to the most advanced and difficult feats. The best teachers are men and women with a perfect understanding of the effects of each kind of exercise, and one movement is made to balance and counteract another. Thus no one set of muscles is developed disproportionately, and all work aims toward symmetry and general strength. The pupils are not allowed to overdo. To this end they are carefully watched, and admonished if necessary. Before entering the classes at any of the large gymnasiums each pupil is given a thorough physical examination, to ascertain her strength and general health, and whether she has any special defect requiring a particular line of corrective exercise. If this last is found to be the case, she either does not take the regular class-work, or else takes just such movements of it as are beneficial to her. These are supplemented by individual work on the line prescribed for her by the physician.

A Plea for the Silent Sisters.

We have all of us read—most of us appreciatingly—Holmes' lines to "The Voiceless," and perhaps our eyes have filled with tears at the verse:

"O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!"

But how many of us do justice to our silent friends? Do we not naturally sympathize more with the woes of her who "talks out" her griefs to any willing listener than with the woman whose incommunicableness helps her to hide her pain?

To desire sympathy, and to seek it, from one or two nearest and dearest friends is perfectly natural. Nevertheless, the person who feels most deeply is not she who has half a dozen confidantes to whom she pours out her inmost soul. It is unfortunate that in this world the most just of us judge from outward appearance, and it is nearly always to our talkative friends that most love and sympathy are awarded.

We are but children of a larger growth, and the boy who goes about the school-yard displaying his cut finger to his playmates is the hero of the hour. The little chap with a cruel headache, who says nothing of his ailment, but creeps off to a quiet corner, is voted "slow," "stupid," or "no good."

It is strange that she who says least of her own trials is usually most full of pity for others' woes. She does not interrupt our self-compassion by the reminder, "I, too, am in trouble." It is as if the pain shut up in her own heart softened her feelings towards all mankind. What sweet surprise might be hers could one-half of the tender appreciation she gives others be returned in kind! But she does not make any sign, and, says her talkative friend, does not care to be condoled with.

What to Wear.

How hard it is when even Worth himself is puzzled, for lesser lights to evolve anything really "new"! We have had everything possible and some things impossible. Sleeves cannot be made larger; the crinoline died a sudden death: so did the trained skirt: we have had jackets until we are sick of them; revers are passe; overskirts did not "take," so what will women try next?

In the meantime, the dressmaker is puzzling her brains; for people must have something to wear, and make it herself. If she is sensible she will cling to the full waists arranged on a fitted lining, for no more sensible nor becoming style has appeared in years, and like the shirt waist, it seems to have come to stay.

The trimming can be varied; sometimes it appears to be only the collar, which is in some rich hue of velvet, toning up the whole gown. Again, it appears in the form of insertion, either of black, white or ecru lace, put on in horizontal or vertical lines, to suit the figure, and gowns intended for mid-winter wear will have rows of guipure instead of the lace, with bands of satin or silk in some bright tint lying underneath.

Ribbons are used, both velvet and satin, as well as moire, and they are used in the same way as the lace, and in other ways distinctive to ribbon.

Winter Toilettes.

Almost endless are the styles of separate waists which have been devised to lend variety to day and evening toilettes. Many of the evening waists are wholly or partly of transparent materials. It is mounted quite full, and has very ample sleeves, which are draped. The garniture is a deep vandyked lace collar, which fastens at the back. A very dainty blouse is of white mousseline de soie mounted over yellow silk. The neck is encircled by shirred puffs, terminating in a ruffle embroidered in mauve and yellow. The part below the yoke is mounted very full, and the blouse is fastened at the back. The drooping three-quarter sleeves terminate in a ruffle trimmed with a yellow ribbon rosette, and other rosettes stud the full collar. A third waist is of yellow chiffon over satin. It has an open square neck. At the middle of the front and back is full plastron with crossrows of shirring, and narrow black lace beading between the puffs formed. Deep double bretelle ruffles frame the plastron, meeting in a point at the waist. The half-long sleeves droop over the elbow.

Velveteen, also variously known as English velvet and Liberty velvet, is enjoying renewed favor. One, which is steel blue in color, is trimmed at the foot of the skirt with a narrow fringe of fur headed by a row of jet. The same combination of fur fringe and jet edges the wrist of the velveteen sleeves, and surrounds a pointed Swiss girdle, which clasps the waist made of accordion-pleated blue peau de soie. The other costume is of golden-brown stamped velveteen in a crackle design. A double band of narrow beaver borders the skirt and wrists. A deep vandyked collar which trims the round waist is curiously combined of narrow fur and jet bands.

A handsome and comfortable wrap for a middle-aged lady is of dark green cloth, with a broad square revers, collar as large as a cape, of brown lynx fur, and large cuffs to match.

A tailor gown of brown cheviot would be simplicity itself were it not that the round smooth-fitting waist, made of a light beige-colored cloth, is covered with braiding in an all-over vermicelli design of brown soutache to match the cheviot. A narrow band of this braiding is at the foot of the skirt.

One of the smaller fur garments of the winter is the Victorine, which is a short shoulder-cape with long, slender tabs that fall almost to the foot of the skirt. These are of of seal-skin with an edging of chinchilla fur.

Collar and belt arrangements give a dressy touch to an otherwise simple bodice. In one example the collar is of gauze of a becoming shade, and the belt of velvet to match the goods of the waist. Each is studded with two rosettes of velvet ribbon to match the belt, with at the centre of each rosette a jet star with pendent loops of jet beads. The same idea is carried out with narrow velvet ribbon replacing the jet loops. A velvet collar has a chou on each side of the front, and between them at the middle a jet passementerie ornament with fringe. Another collar, of turquoise mirror velvet, has a tuft of loops on either side, caught with a beaded ivy leaf with hanging strands of jet, and connected by jet bands to a leaf at the middle with longer jet strands.

Small flat bonnets are predicted for the spring, and are already worn by women of fashion who have recently returned from Paris. They are placed quite far back on the head, and require a special coiffure, the hair being knotted low on the nape after being drawn back loosely from the forehead. They will be made of white braids, rougher than those of last season, and also of silk braids dyed to match the straw. The bonnet is merely a narrow square-cornered band edged all around with the tiniest flowers, or else with a rose or a cluster of violets placed at each corner in front, while longer-stemmed flowers droop behind.

Taffeta ribbons, both plain and flowered, will be used to trim bonnets. As they are wide, they will probably be made into the single large bow, of which many have grown weary.

NEW CAPES AND WINTER COSTUMES.

A DAINTY BALL DRESS.

Stylish Designs for February.

Our designs this month have been chosen with great care and skill by one of the City's leading modistes. The plate that adorns page 21 contains four exquisite models for winter costumes.

The first is a pale tan cloth circular cape, cut out all over. It is to wear over costume No. 2.

No. 2. costume in pale tan cloth. The skirt has two rows of openwork cut in the cloth, showing rose-colored silk beneath. The bodice is of the same openwork cloth. The pattern is edged with darker tan and gold cord applique over the vest of rose-colored silk. Large sleeves, with applique cuffs.

No. 3. Beaver cloth costume, with collar and great revers of beaver fur caught with a large button.

No. 4. Serge costume. The smart little jacket is braided Hussar fashion, and is caught with one button over the bust, showing an embroidered cloth vest. With this may be worn a soft silk blouse. The braid borders the entire jacket, and is also carried round the revers and collar.

A Dainty Ball Dress.

The ball gown shown on page 22 is one of the Jenness-Miller stamp; an elegant gown of coquille pink silk, accentuated with black velvet ribbon strewn with small pink flowers. The bodice is veiled with pink chiffon. It is cut out to a point below the bust on the left side, and filled in with lace. A band of the velvet ribbon crosses the left shoulder, is tied in a bow-knot over the bust, extends diagonally across the bodice; is caught up at the belt with a bow, and extends a trifle to the right of the centre of the front straight down the skirt, ending in a large bow at the hem. The pleats in the back form ripples on both sides. The sleeves are single puffs, flounced with lace.

Fichu Collar.

A dainty combination of velvet and lace is the dainty fichu represented on page 22. Dotted and point-edged is the net that forms it, while the velvet gives a distinctive appearance it would otherwise lack. Fichus, collarettes, lace fronts, etc., are very much worn this season, and serve to make a commonplace dress quite stylish.

Fans and Fan-Bags.

A black silk fan with gold lines and scrolls framing a delicate water-color painting has a new style of frame, which surrounds the fan entirely when it is closed, and can only be opened by pressure on a spring catch. A view of the fan closed is given in the illustration.

Another large fan shown has a gilded frame and a shallow spangled black net cover, in which a painted silk panel is inserted. Here and there among fans of large and medium size the small Empire fan is beginning to make its appearance again. That illustrated has ivory sticks and gold ornamentation, and a white Japanese crape cover with a border of applique lace and gold spangles.

For the fragile beauty of many handsome fans a fan-pocket is a necessary protection, and several are illustrated herewith. One for a large ostrich-feather fan is made of light brocade lined with turquoise satin. It is twenty-two inches long, four inches wide at the lower end, seven at the upper end, but is considerably widened by inserted sides two inches wide. A ribbon draw-string is four inches below the top. White lace eight inches deep is gathered around the outside, and another five inches deep around the inside of the draw-string casing. A smaller bag, made of copper-colored broche ribbon four inches wide, is seventeen inches long, and open four inches deep at the top. It is lined with India silk, and one side is bordered with gold-threaded lace which terminates under a ribbon bow near the lower end. A third, made of black and pink brocade, lined with pink satin, has for a flap a spangled passementerie point, and is completed by bows and loops of pink ribbon.

Flannel Morning Frock.

This useful little garment pictured on page 23 is just the thing to slip on the little two-year-old baby when he persists in waking early and coming down to breakfast. His nightdress generally savors too much of his night's environment while shawl wrappings are untidy and hard to keep in place.

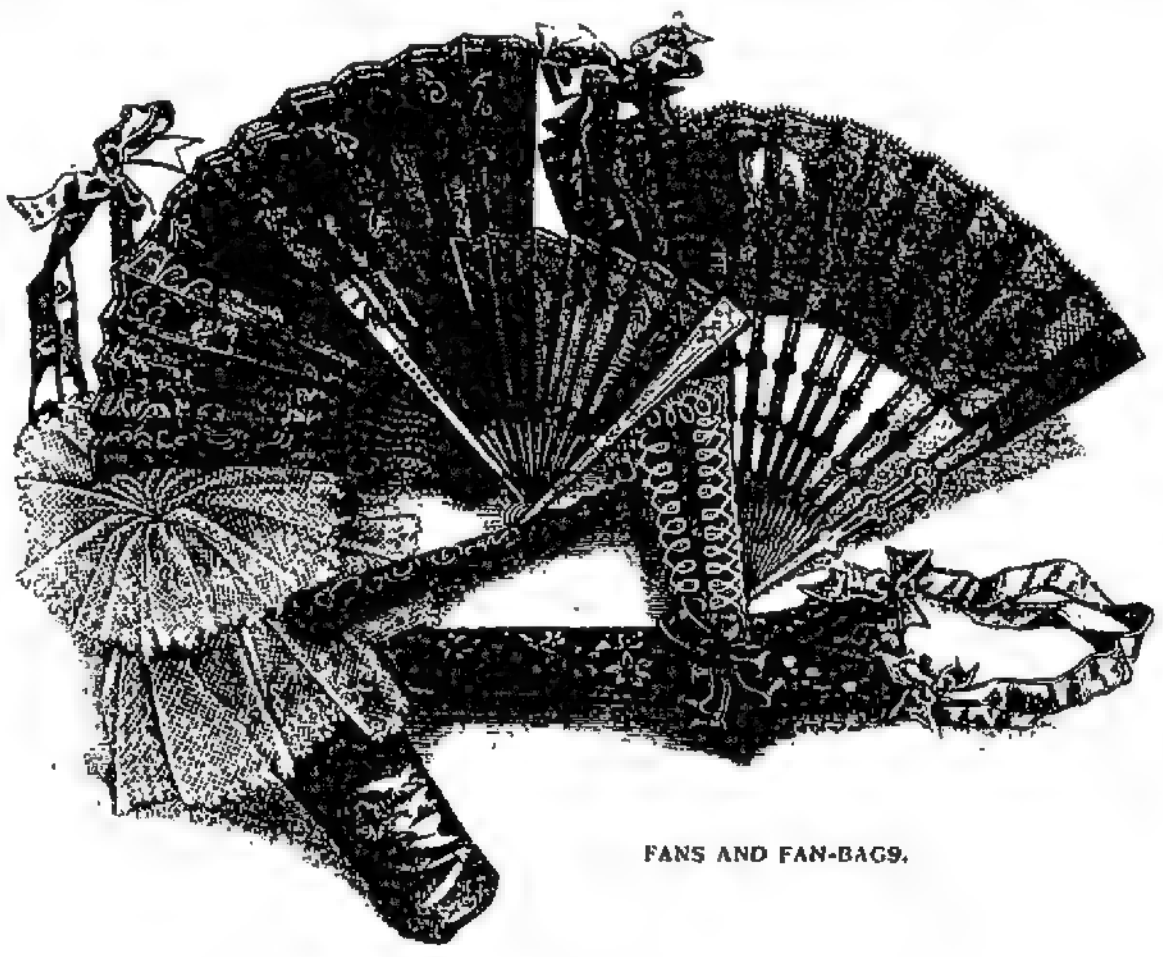
FICHU COLLAR.

Rainy Day Dress.

This dress, says Mrs. Miller, is the one I am now showing on the platform. It is made of waterproof serge in dark navy blue. The gaiters are of the same color, and even the hat is a soft affair of the blue waterproof serge self-trimmed. The waist and skirt are fastened together and open on the side under the loose Eton jacket front, and down the left side of the front skirt seam for a placket. The finish is a black Hercules braid. The long jackets worn for cold days are of the same waterproof material.

Louise Princess Dress.

This elegant gown was designed from a costume worn by Mrs. Miller. It is known as the Louise Princess dress. The foundation is in one full length, waist and skirt, and the outside material may be of velvet, cloth, or any material having good body. The design shown is of a rich golden brown shade of velveteen, the trimming a silk moss, and golden irridescent beading. The special features of the dress are the full bust effect, the belt-line crossing just under



FANS AND FAN-BAGS.

MORNING FROCK.

the bust, and the gracefully curved seams that give a suggestion of height to the figure. This is an especially graceful design for a stout woman.

Child's Coat.

Gray blue cashmere is here shown prettily trimmed with chinchilla fur. The coat and fancy bretelles are lined with India silk, an interlining of canton flannel giving it the seasonable weight. The close-fitting, short body closes in centre front, either invisibly with hooks and eyes, or with buttons and buttonholes, as preferred. Star-pointed, ripple bretelles cross the shoulders. edged and headed with the fur trimming and finished at the waist with rosettes of baby ribbon. These bretelles fall gracefully over large puffs that are mounted on sleeve linings, faced to cuff depth with the material and trimmed with fur at the wrists. The rolling collar is edged with fur. The full, round skirt is finished at the bottom and front edges with deep hems, gathered at the top and sewed to lower edge of body. This dressy little top garment can be made up in any of the seasonable coatings; cloth, camel's hair, cheviot in plain or fancy mixed weaves, whipcord, Bengaline, velvet or corduroy will all make up prettily by the mode. Any preferred style of trimming or decoration may be adopted.

Hints of the Future.

In the first week of the new year the merchants begin to talk of spring and of the materials in preparation for it. In some shops new cotton goods are displayed on the counters and may be seen of all, while to the fashion writers only are shown samples of fabrics that are still in the French and German factories. These latter give hints that will be useful to the reader, as in the present month there are always great reductions in prices of the goods now in store, and it is well to know what to choose of these with reference to the future.

LOUISE PRINCESS DRESS.

RAINY DAY DRESS.

We have learned that there is a moral side to the evening dress question, but we are slow to learn that there is a moral question connected with the street dress. No true woman would willingly encourage theft, and yet every woman who walks the street with a purse in her hand or a watch on the outside of her dress is a standing invitation to the desperate and lawless. Why, for mere fashion's sake, should we tempt men to commit sin?

Ballad Heroines.

Since the publication of Mr. du Maurier's delightful "Trilby" we have been threatened with a revival of that melancholy ditty "Ben Bolt." I am not much of a judge of music, but this song impresses me as being anything but the highest form of vocal composition. However, I am reconciled to its revival, if I need not listen.

But it would be sad, indeed, were a taste for women of the "Sweet Alice" type to spring into being once more. Imagine an existence passed by the side of one so idiotically susceptible as Alice! Women who consider it necessary to reflect the moods of those about them are bad enough, and they are, unfortunately, not uncommon; but what are they compared to a young person so lachrymose that her smallest pleasure shows itself by tears, and who is seized with a fit of trembling at the sight of a cloud on your noble brow? Quite enough, in itself, to give you an unmanly desire to shake her.

Let us not resuscitate Sweet Alice. Her troubled existence ended prematurely, but who could wish her to take it up again? This reminds me that the mortality among the heroines of those popular songs our mothers sang in their youth was appalling, and quite unaccountable. They all dwelt "far from the madding crowd," and they took an immense amount of exercise. Indeed, that was their principal occupation, if we except singing, and they lifted up their voices in song in and out of season; that, however, is supposed to expand the chest. As to their spirits—they were exasperatingly good. Yet they one and all died, in defiance of preconceived ideas as to what is conducive to health and longevity.

"Rosalie" was a "prairie flower"; she was, likewise, "joyous and free"; but the very first "chilly blast" of autumn did for her. "Belle Brandon" was "a birdling of the mountain," if I remember correctly, and had Indian blood in her veins; but she, too, succumbed. "Jennie With the Light Brown Hair" passed her time tripping by bright streams and singing at the top of her voice, from sheer exuberance of spirits; but, alas! the curse was upon her, too, and she vanished, under what circumstances we are not told. Indeed, the cause of death in all the melancholy cases I can call to mind appears to be a mystery.

"Katie, Darling," to be sure, "shuffled off this mortal coil" because she doubted the love of a "son of Erin." Such an unwarrantable lack of faith will cause all right-minded persons to agree that her untimely taking-off was deserved. It is comforting to know that "Lillie Dale" died in her bed in the most orthodox manner, surrounded by sorrowing friends. "Gentle Annie" appears to have been the victim of a lover who, like the Stuarts, brought misfortune to his friends. He informs us, when, "like a flower," her spirit departed, that she has gone, alas! like the many that have bloomed in the summer of my heart." "Annie Lisle" died so persistently that even music would not waken her—which was odd she were as musical as the others.

It is painful to know that several of these gentle and guileless young persons do not lie in consecrated ground. Poor Belle Brandon had no funeral worth speaking of. They huddled her into a grave in the garden "'neath the old arbor tree." The angels took charge of the remains of Rosalie, so the family were only put to the expense of a "spotless white" gown. They put Nellie out of the way in a Hazel Dell. Hallie—what is Hallie the short for?—sleeps in a valley. Lillie Dale's "little green grave" is in a vale. It is ornamented by "wild" roses only. In fact none of the poor dears seem to have had a tombstone on which might be recorded those virtues they possessed in common—virtues so calculated to make them useful in afterlife—save Sweet Alice. She has the distinction of lying "under a stone." Let us trust it is a good heavy one, and that carved thereon are the cherubim and seraphim who "continually do cry."—Washington.

CHILD'S COAT.

For the Ladies' Journal.

DE PROFUNDIS.

By Kostka.

CHAPTER III.

MR. NOEL.

That same evening while Mrs. Heathcote was promenading the balcony with her brother, Mr. Noel joined her husband who was enjoying his favorite cigar and gleaning news of his far-off home from an English paper.

Politely laying the paper aside he entered into conversation with the man whom he frequently found himself thinking of as eccentric and unsociable, and wondering not a little now at being thus sought out in preference to the many others of his own countrymen—for he knew that Mr. Noel was a Canadian—who were to be met on every side, and thinking whilst he talked that his wife was certainly right when she said that Mr. Noel's face bore a marked resemblance to the face of the imprisoned youth in the "De Profundis." The conversation turned on the merits and demerits of the multitudinous articles on exhibition, during which the English artist became convinced that his companion's experience and knowledge of the world at large, of its arts, science and literature, was of no merely superficial nature; that personal contact and observation alone could render him capable of discussing so confidently and comprehensively the various subjects touched upon. Without any preconceived designs upon his part Austin Heathcote turned the conversation on the "De Profundis."

"I would make an offer for it," he said; "but it is not for sale."

"I overheard you saying to-day that you would like to know the artist who painted it," Mr. Noel remarked indifferently.

"Yes," answered Heathcote, earnestly. "I can scarce tell why, but for me that picture possesses an unusual attraction. It may be but a fancy of mine, but I feel almost confident that the 'De Profundis' is a hieroglyphic which would reveal to the one who could read it a strange history; and that one I think would be the man who painted it, and he—whoever it may be—must have felt in the depths of his own soul a touch of what he has so successfully expressed in his picture. He could not get his inspiration from any living model, hence it must have sprung from an experience all his own, of the depth and intensity of mental and physical suffering carried to the extreme—for I could as easily believe that the 'De Profundis' grew on the canvas of itself as believe that the man who painted it was a stranger to life's keen discipline, trial and sorrow."

"Ah, you think so?" said Mr. Noel in a low tone, and looking steadfastly away from his companion.

"I do," replied the artist emphatically. "To paint a beautiful face with faultless exactness, to blend the light and shade in a landscape with an adherence to nature that would be simply the acme of correctness, may entitle a man to be called a painter, but an artist, never! To put that in a face or a landscape which appeals to and rouses into quick life all that is noblest and most elevating within us; to depict an emotion, a passion, or a scenery with that in it which would not only make language useless, but almost a desecration, so inferior the most choice would be to the silent, wordless language speaking most eloquently to our souls from of the canvas. That is true art, and the man alone who can make that element paramount in his subjects is a true artist. Less than that is, according to my mind, being a painter in as much as is the man who paints your garden fence or carriage house."

"Am I to infer that you find these elements in the 'De Profundis?'" asked Mr. Noel, still with averted face.

"Why it is because of those very elements I so much admire the picture," replied Heathcote, in a rather surprised tone. "And then I confess that there is some curiosity in my desire, too, for I would like to know what peculiar circumstance prompted the subject. I find myself thinking repeatedly that the history of that picture dramatized would make a wonderful play. The facts in it taken from real life might make it stranger than fiction."

Mr. Noel, who had been regarding the Englishman intently during his last remark, said in a low, tense tone:

"Many tales of fiction would sound tame in the extreme if compared with stern realities. I have no doubt but that the history of the 'De Profundis,' told as a tale or acted as a drama, would be one of them."

The English artist studied with renewed interest the man before him, a little puzzled by his manner and tone, then asked eagerly, as a thought flashed quickly through his mind:

"Do you know anything of the picture? Do you know the artist? Is he in town?"

With a faint smile at the many and eagerly put questions, Mr. Noel answered in his habitually low tone:

"I know a vast deal about the picture; I also know the artist; even though he were in town he would not wish his presence known. Being aware of that I am not at liberty to point him out to you, as you most naturally would expect me to do."

"Of course not," answered Heathcote, looking the disappointment he felt, adding after a pause: "Most people would pronounce my fancies absurd and fantastic, did I confess them; but this I may say in self defense, that many of those fancies, premonitions—call them what you will—have proved themselves correct. Now my fancy in this case is, that it was some peculiarly terrible incident or experience in real life that prompted the painting of the 'De Profundis,' that gave birth to both the name and subject of that strange production."

Mr. Noel looked with intense interest into the animated face before him for a moment, and then said:

"I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I can gratify you in full, and in this case as in others your fancies have not led you astray, for the peculiarly terrible incident or experience connected with it will, I think, be quite up to anything you may possibly have imagined."

"How more than fortunate," exclaimed the artist, with as near an approach to excitement as he was ever guilty of. "The one thing I have been most anxious for since my eyes first rested on that picture. I assure you that in me you shall find a most attentive listener."

"Not so fast, pray," said Mr. Noel, quietly. "I cannot tell you now. In fact I intended saying—did you but give me time—that it depends upon yourself whether or not I shall tell it at all," this rather absently. "You told me you intend visiting the Canadian Capital, taking in Toronto, where, I think, you said you would remain for a few days. Toronto is my home; why not be my guest whilst there. I have a studio on a small scale, and a museum, which I think you would find not uninteresting; it would afford me genuine pleasure to have you visit and inspect them. You are disappointed," he added, trying to discern his companion's face in the deepening twilight.

"I admit that I am," replied the Englishman; "but I thank you heartily for the kind invitation. Are you aware, though, that I shall not be in Toronto before September, and this is May? Shall I have to wait until then for the history of the 'De Profundis?'"

"I fear there is no alternative," this as he stood up and threw away the remnant of his cigar. "I leave for Canada within the next hour. The story will be none the worse for keeping; besides the picture goes back to Toronto, I think; in which case you may possibly see it again should you so desire. Is it a compact?" he added, reaching out his hand.

"It is," replied Heathcote, earnestly and with much feeling, as he clasped firmly the proffered hand.

"This is my address," said Mr. Noel, handing his card. "Please present my kindest regards and adieus to Mrs. Heathcote and her brother; tell them that they are my prospective guests, and that they shall have at least one to tender them a hearty welcome to Toronto." Before the artist could reply his future host was gone.

For some time Austin Heathcote sat pondering, his quick, penetrating perceptions at work trying to elucidate some complex question which evidently had taken possession of his mind.

"I have it," he exclaimed, triumphantly, after some moments of deep thought.

"Well, by all that is prudent, hold fast to it then, especially if it chances to be a ray of common sense," said Rupert Ross, laughingly, as he came up the balcony steps with his sister, who asked:

"You have what, Austin? Who were you speaking to?" looking around with a puzzled air.

"Oh, I was simply making a few remarks to myself, Alice, through lack of a more entertaining companion," he answered lightly.

"What a dreadful fix to be in, and how terribly you must have been bored by the 'few remarks' of your companion," said Rupert, commisperatingly. "I tender you my deepest symsathy, and now that I am here I beg of you to try and compensate yourself for the misery you must have endured."

"The cure would kill much quicker than the malady; and my last folly would be greater than my first," replied the artist laughing.

"I believe you are keeping a secret from me, Austin," said Mrs. Heathcote, affecting indignation; "and of course you are aware that a man should have no secrets from his wife."

"Professional secrets excepted," he explained gravely; "and mine is a professional secret, which to reveal would be the quintessence of dishonor," drawing her to a seat beside him.

Mrs. Heathcote looked helplessly at her brother, as though at a loss for words wherewith to meet this glaring innovation. The lack of ready words never troubled Rupert, however. Throwing himself into a David Garrick-like attitude, he exclaimed dramatically:

"Oh, come down, Heathcote, before you fall down and seriously injure yourself. I even go so far as to proffer my aid in assisting you down!"

The artist clapped Rupert's dramatical outburst rather languidly, remarking:

"You need a few more lessons, Rupert. Your position is a trifle too angular; your gestures lack finish and grace. What think you, Alice?"

"My thoughts are not running in the theatrical line at all," she answered. "I wish to know what secret you are keeping from me?"

"It is a professional one, as I have already assured you, my dear, otherwise I would explain immediately," this with an air of solemn importance.

"Will you listen to him?" she asked, looking up appealingly to her

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by **Erysipelas.** We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and **daily growing stronger.**"

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

brother. "One would think to hear him speak that he was a fully fledged M. D. after killing his twentieth patient, and, as a matter of professional etiquette and prudence combined, obliged to keep his method of doing it to himself."

"No," declared Rupert emphatically; "I strongly object to listen to him. Oh, the time I have misspent in listening to him moralizing, philosophizing, and heaven knows all the other izings. It turns me cold to think of it. No, Alice, you know that old saw about patience? Excuse this abruptness," wafting her a kiss from his finger tips as he spoke and running quickly down to the brilliantly lighted grounds below.

CHAPTER IV.

AT TORONTO.

A glorious September sunset, like a great canopy, arched the dome of deepest blue, below which floated fleecy clouds amber rimmed and purple hearted; touched thus into transient beauty by the rich red rays of the sun far down now in the south-west; its long shifting beams piercing and changing into a mellow glow the soft, drowsy haze which enveloped the city, bringing out fully and blending into sweetest harmony each gorgeous hue of fading leaf lingering autumn blossom. And like the touch of a kindly hand or the glance of a loving eye, changing what seemed dark and gloomy into light and loveliness, filling the hearts of the appreciative ones who contemplated it with a pleasure akin to pain, because of the yearning it aroused for a fuller knowledge of the brightness and beauty beyond the fleecy clouds, the blue dome, and the glowing sunset. At the Union Station Alfred Noel paces slowly back and forth, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the ground apparently in deep thought. No change was observable in either face or form since last we looked on him in Philadelphia. Suddenly he paused, looked up expectantly; his eyes had a look of pleasure in them as he caught the sound of a fast approaching train. To that train and a couple of its occupants we shall now turn our attention.

"I should much prefer going to a hotel, for I know that I shall have an uncanny feeling all the time I am in that man's house."

The speaker was Mrs. Heathcote, looking, as she declared she felt, depressed and uncomfortable.

"Prepare to be agreeably surprised, Alice," replied her husband, "for I have a premonition that you will become so enamoured with Mr. Noel, his house and surroundings, that you will come to me begging that our visit may be prolonged."

"Past experience has taught me, Austin, that as a prophet you are not infallible," she replied disdainfully. If I succeed in putting in the time in any endurable kind of a way I shall be only too thankful. I don't blame Rupert for lingering in New York until this dismal visit, as he calls it, is over."

"The French have a saying, Alice," said the artist, "which runs thusly: 'It is the unexpected which happens,' so be prepared for the reverse of what you expect. But why do you dislike the man so, Alice?"

"I do not dislike him at all, Austin," she answered quickly. "You mistake me. It is that I found him so cold and unsociable; besides he fills me with strange notions in connection with his past life. I have a feeling when looking at him that he crossed over to the land of the dead, but for some unknown reason was sent back, cumbered with a secret which he dare not divulge, and which is killing him to keep."

"Should I ever turn bankrupt, Alice, your imagination will win fame and fortune for us both," said Heathcote admiringly. But Alice did not appear at all gratified by either the implied compliment or the admiration, for, shrugging her shoulders disapprovingly, she refused to continue the conversation.

"Here we are," were the next words she heard from her husband's lips. Then as the train stood still, "As I live there is Mr. Noel himself on the platform!"

A moment later they were being greeted by Mr. Noel with a warmth and cordiality which made them feel that, although in a strange land, they were not entirely amongst strangers, and Mrs. Heathcote's generous heart smote her a little as she felt her hand clasped firmly in that of her host, and read the pleasure and welcome in the eyes that encountered hers. The carriage was in waiting at a short distance, to which they were conducted, and through the golden haze and fast lengthening shadows they were driven to the abode of the man who was to both—though in a different way—an object of interest and curiosity.

CHAPTER V.

A CHARMING HOST.

"Well, Alice, shall I have to turn out early to-morrow morning and take rooms at the Queen's or the Rossin House?" asked Austin Heathcote, that same night as he entered the bright, cheerful apartment alloted to his wife as her dressing room, and found her reclining in the most luxurious-looking of easy chairs; her glossy black hair falling in wavy masses over her shoulders. A pretty picture she made in her handsome rose-colored dressing gown, her daintily slippered feet on a velvet foot rest in comfortable proximity to the glowing fire.

"I am ashamed to have it to confess, Austin," she exclaimed, sitting erect, "after what I said, but I have not been so peacefully content, nor yet so much at home since leaving England as I have been since I crossed the threshold of this charming establishment. Why that man might have been born and brought up at Court, so highbred and perfect are his manners, and yet there is about him a natural simplicity and gentleness which to me constitutes his greatest charm."

"You have not had a return of the creeps then?" he asked gravely, as he seated himself beside her, passing his hand over her dark tresses.

"I shall have a return of the opinion I am often compelled to form of you," she answered, "which is that you can be excessively disagreeable at times. I misunderstood Mr. Noel in every way; I find I have been mistaken. I retract fully and freely. You are too unjust and narrow-minded to recognize the nobility of the act or to appreciate the readiness with which I yield up my prejudices."

"Oh, the nobility and all the rest of it I recognize at first sight and appreciate in full. That I fail to announce the mammoth proportions it assumes in my eyes is due to the fact that I fear you may now overestimate the superior qualities of our host and insist on becoming a naturalized Canadian, and thus be within reach of his charming society."

"What mode of punishment do you think I ought to subject you to?" she asked, doubling up her small fist threateningly.

"I pray you never to resort to such barbarity as to punish me with this," possessing himself as he spoke of the threatening hand. "Talk of a blow from the extremities of those huge birds on the ostrich farm we visited in California,—why it would be nowhere as compared to a rap from those fierce-looking knuckles! To think that there should be such a fund of latent cruelty in your nature! The revelation quite unnerves me. So much so that I find I cannot bear it in an upright position; besides I must show prudence and get out of the way of the impending danger," and crossing the room he stretched himself on a couch.

"I was afraid that he might be married, and again that he might not," said Mrs. Heathcote, taking no heed of her husband's bantering. "Somehow," she went on, after a pause, "I am relieved to find that he is not."

"So am I, Alice," said Heathcote, gravity in his tone, but a gleam of mischief in the laughing eyes he turned on her. "For truth to tell, I made up my mind that he was, and that it was his dearly beloved and affectionate spouse that so prematurely furrowed his brow, blanched his cheek, and whitened his hair."

"It is obvious that travelling has had a demoralizing effect on you, Austin," said Alice, and deliberately tying her handkerchief into a hard knot she aimed it at his head, only to succeed in landing it behind a picture which hung above the couch.

"I consider that a very fair shot," said her husband reflectively, staring up at the picture. "If ever I wish a woman to strike me square between the eyes, I shall take my position behind the first door at hand."

"Your audacity has reached a point when not to check it would be crime, and I consider it my duty to give it that check," declared Mrs. Heathcote, severely, as with a bound she reached her husband's side, only to find herself pinioned in his strong arms, and a moment later occupying the same recumbent position on the sofa in which she surprised him; her hands firmly clasped and utterly powerless in his masterful grasp. Smiling down triumphantly into the bright, young face he sung softly:

"I love thee, I own thee,
I live for thee, die for thee,
I prove thee, believe thee,
Woo thee, undo thee;
Thou art fair, thou art sweet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hood's Cured After Others Failed

Scrofula in the Neck—Bunches All Gone Now.

Sangerville, Maine.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen:—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For five years I have been troubled with scrofula in my neck and throat. Several kinds of medicines which I tried did not do me any good, and when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there were large bunches on my neck so sore that I could not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness had gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANCHE ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal

For Cracked or Sore Nipples

—USE—

Covernton's Nipple Oil.

To harden the Nipples before confinement use COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price 25 cts. For sale by all druggists. Should your Druggist not keep it, enclose 31 cts. in stamps to C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Quebec.

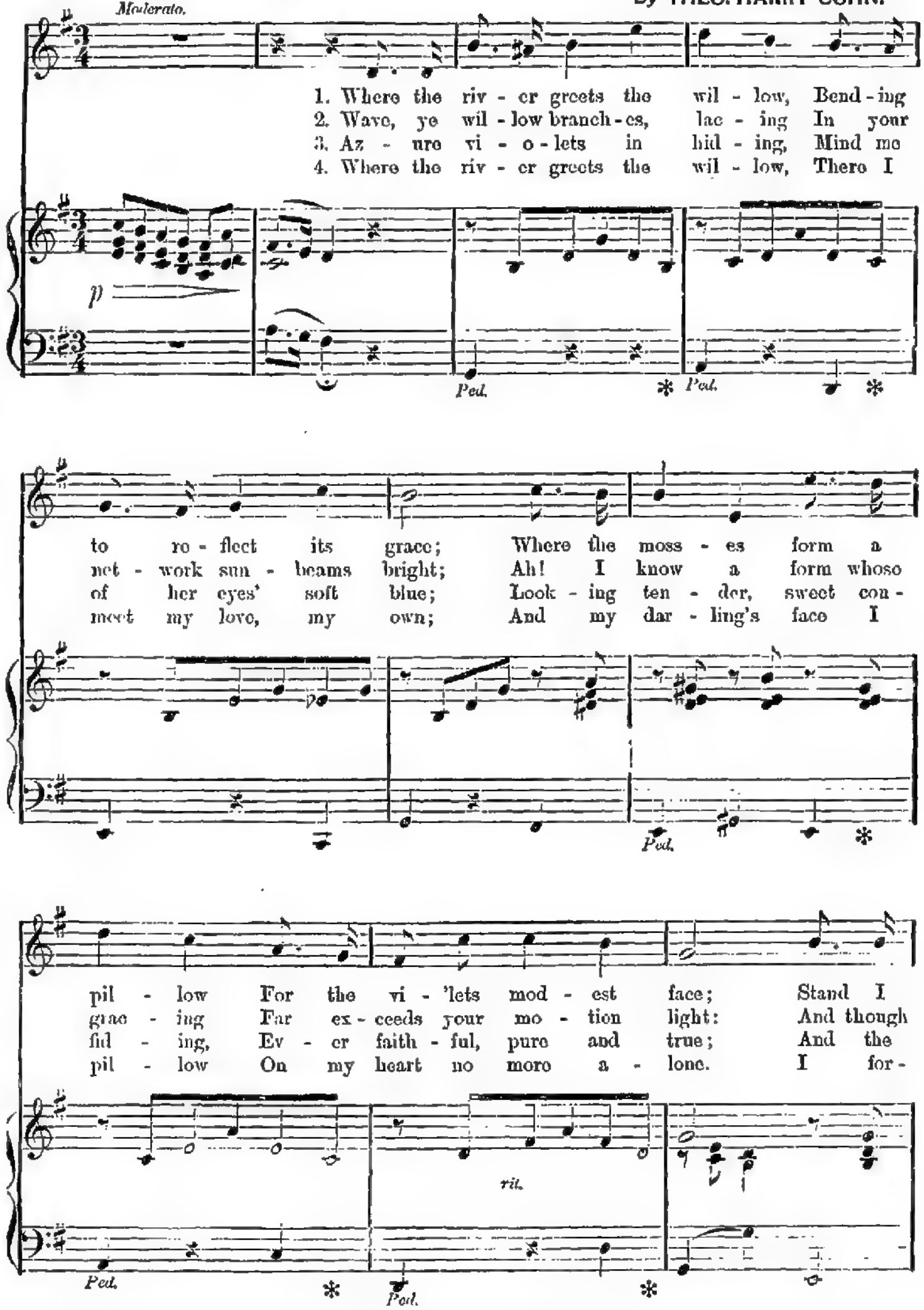
"My daughter can never be yours." Willie Bright—"Of course not; I want her to be my wife."

Dress goods may have intrinsic merit, and yet lack the possibility of perfect draping. Without perfect draping it is in vain that the goods be costly, or the modiste Parisian. The draping is the charm which gives grace to a woman. This is one particular in which Priestley's famous dress fabrics stand unrivalled. It is universally known that they wear better than other fabrics, but they drape with a grace which endears them to the aesthetic sense of every fastidious women. Ladies should remember the trade mark "The Varnished Board" on which each piece of Priestley's dress goods is rolled.

MY OWN.

MARIAN FROELICH. By THEO. HARRY COHN.

Moderato.



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Cleaning And Repairing.

In the consideration of the clothing question there is nothing of more importance than cleaning and freshening the goods. No one can imagine her dress is new (and certainly outsiders will not think so) if it si not prefectly free from soil and discolorations. If the color has been taken out by acid, apply to the cloth, first ammonia, then chloroform.

To renovate clothing, first remove all dust with a whisk broom. Spots may be taken out of dark goods with a hand brush dipped in equal parts of ammonia, alcohol and water. This will brighten as well as cleanse.

If the goods are very much soiled it is better to wash in water with soap bark, and rinse well; press on the wrong side between newspapers when nearly dry.

Benzine is useful in renovating grease spots. Grease spots may be removed from silk by a soft flannel, from velvet with a fine brush.

Here is a formula for a cleaning fluid for general use in renovating woolen clothing: One pint of deodorized benzine, one-half drachm sulphuric ether, one drachm alcohol and a little cologne.

It can be used on light colors as well as dark. This mixture is not expensive, 25 cents will pay for a quart.

Shining places can de removed from black cloth or silk by sponging with cider vinegar. Dry in the shade slowly and do not press.

If you wish to use fur trimming which looks old and lustreless you can restore the sheen in the following manner:

Place a suitable quantity of rye flour in a pan and stir it until it is so hot the hand can hardly be held in it. The flour is then spread upon the fur and rubbed in well, after which the fur is brushed with a clean brush until the flour is removed. This process is in use among the Russians and will be found a good one. The fur will be fully as lustrous as when new. Another method is to mix equal parts of Fuller's earth and magnesia with boiling water. Apply to fur while hot and brush off when perfectly dry.

The minor accessories of dress should receive particular attention; much may be done in the way of preserving gloves and shoes if taken in time. At the first sign of tenderness in a glove reinforce the weak spot with mending tissue, applying it, of course, on the inside, and frequently this will end the trouble. When a tear is found where the strain is great, as at the joining of the back and thumb piece, sew it neatly with a fine needle and cotton then apply the tissue to hold it neatly in place. Gloves of undressed kid, of light or dark tint may be cleaned by using pipe clay and a brush. The gloves should be cleaned on the hand.

Overshoes wear out so soon, that if they can be mended at home it is quite a saving. Purchase five cents' worth of red rubber of a dentist. Cut in small bits and dissolve it in a bottle of chloroform. Color black with a little black paint from an artist's tube, and apply with a brush outside and in, covering the break.

When the soles of your shoes wear thin, you can make them last longer by varnishing the sole with a thin glue, and adding an inside sole cut from a pastel card, with a clean muslin one pasted in over it.

A perfect shoe polish which will not only make the shoes look newer but protect the leather as well, is made as follows: Mix cosmoline and lamp black in equal parts and apply with a bristle brush or sponge.

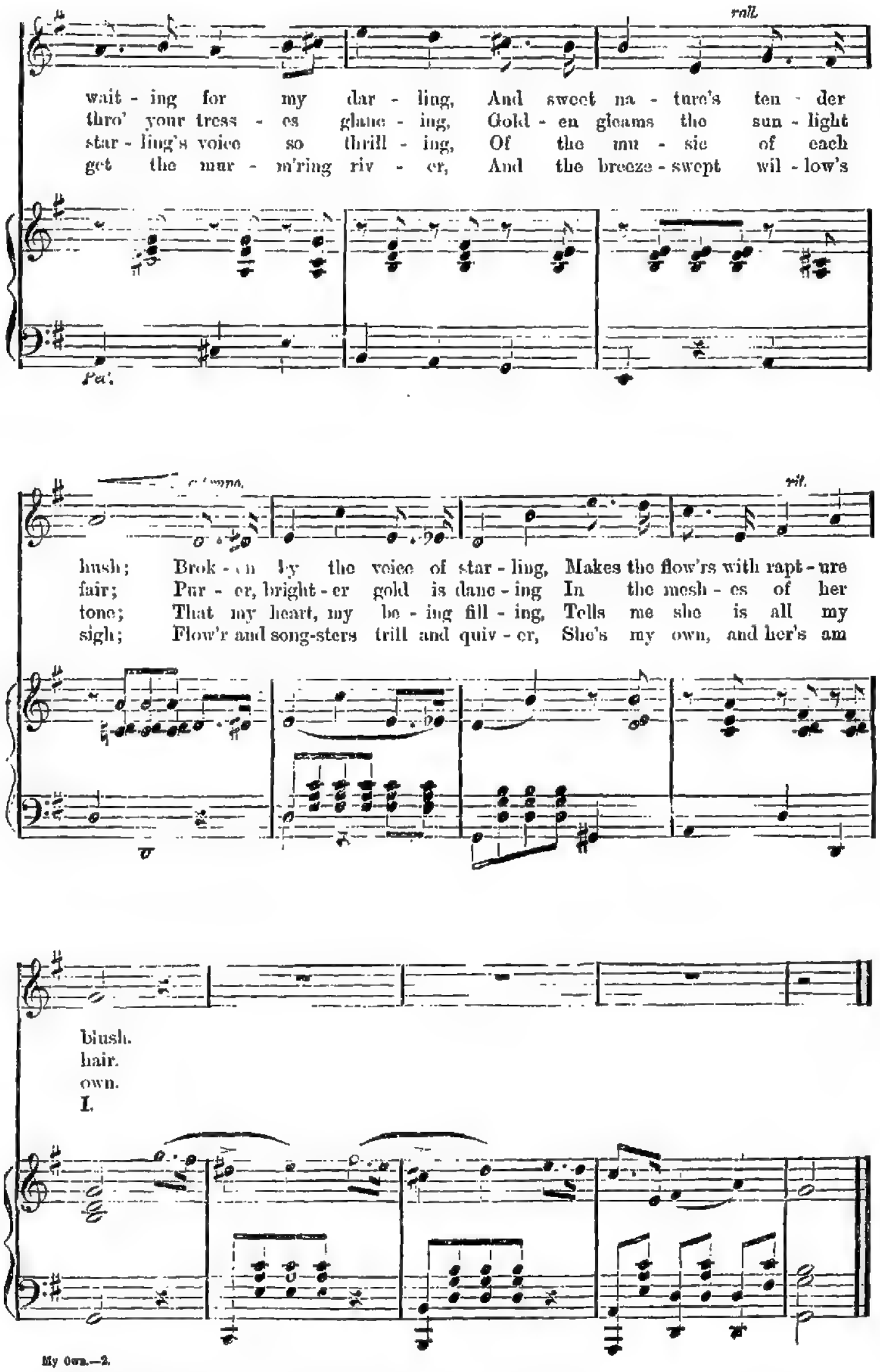
In making over dresses you can use the same lining, if of good quality. Wash and iron them in such a way that they will not be warped. That is, they must lay prefectly flat. Whalebones are made straight by throwing in boiling water and pressing under a weight.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays, all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy or Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The High Testimony

Of hundreds of druggists affords convincing proof of the great merit of Nerviline in all painful affections. F. R. Melville, druggist, Prescott, writes:—"My customers who have used Nerviline speak highly of it. I am satisfied it will take a leading place in the market." This expresses the universal verdict, and if you are suffering from any painful affection, internal or external, give Nerviline a trial, and immediate relief will be as certain as the sun shines. Nerviline is a powerfully penetrating pain remedy. Sold by dealers everywhere.



My Own.—2.

Christ's Reflection.

Before me lies a letter just received in which the writer says, "I pray every morning and all through the day and at night when I awake that my will may be His will in everything, that the glory of His will and the power of it may shine out with great brilliancy in everything that I may think or feel or speak or do. I desire nothing so much as to be a noticeable reflection of Christ." Could we make a better prayer? From babyhood we have said, "Thy will be done," but I fear we have acted as a child of mine used to pray, "Thy kingdom come and my will be done." And yet the only true prayer and the one that embodies all others is "Thy will be done." When we are there truly we are in the garden of spices. The victory of a life is won. Christ is the real storehouse of all that is sweet and enduring. Perperhaps you remember the persian legend of a stone that was perfumed, and when asked "Whence this sweetness?" it replied, "I have lain so long among the roses that I am permeated with their sweetness." And, dear Daughters, some of us have not been close enough—have not been long enough with the Rose of Sharon or our graments (of character) would have the rich odor of the flower of eternity. Sweetness is a deeper need than we are apt to hink.

Keep the House Well Aired.

In the very heart of sunshine, where there are no piles of brick and stone to shut out the light and air, a house is suffered to become full of disease germs. This simple fact accounts for what is called the mysterious fatality of fevers in our farming communities. The effect of darkness and bad air upon children is quite as disastrous as upon plants, with this difference: the mental and moral well-being of the children suffer, as well as their bodies. How can you expect a child to be cheerful and free from morbid fancies if you force him to spend the most susceptible years of his life in a gloomy house foul with vitiated air? If the farmer's wife wants to have sweet, wholesome children she must open her closed shutters, and air every room whether used or not, at least once a day.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be generally built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, labelled—"James Epps & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London Eng.

It was the first time she had ever baked, and she said proudly: "Don't you think I could go into the bread business?" "My dear," answered her husband, gently, "if they sold bread by weight, you'd make your fortune."

What! Limping Yet!

Why should you go limping around when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove your corns in a few days? It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless.

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Wasting. *Pamphlet free.*

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

DON'T

Find fault with the cook if the pastry does not exactly suit you. Nor with your wife either—perhaps she is not to

BLAME

It may be the lard she is using for shortening. Lard is indigestible you know. But if you would always have

YOUR

Cakes, pies, rolls, and bread palatable and perfectly digestible, order the new shortening, "COTTOLENE," for your

WIFE

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers.

Made only by
THE
N. K. FAIRBANK
COMPANY,
Wellington and Ann Sts., Montreal.

A MILLER'S STORY.

HE WAS GIVEN JUST ONE MONTH TO LIVE.

First Attacked With Inflammatory Rheumatism, and Then Stricken With Paralysis—Hope Abandoned and He Longed For Death to Release Him From Suffering—At Last He Found a Cure and Relates His Wonderful Recovery.

Sherbrooke Gazette.

The benefits arising from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are well known to the Gazette. It is a frequent occurrence that people come into the office and state that they have been restored to health by their use. It occasionally happens that extraordinary instances of their curative powers come to our notice, and one of these was related to us recently, so astonishing in its nature that we felt the closest investigation was required in order to thoroughly test the accuracy of the statements made to us. We devoted the necessary time for that purpose and can vouch for the reliability of the following facts, wonderfully passing belief as they may appear:

There are few men more widely known in this section than Mr. A. T. Hopkins, of Johnville, Que. Previous to his removal to Johnville, Mr. Hopkins resided at Windsor Mills and was for three years a member of the municipal council of of that place. When a young man Mr. Hopkins was noted for his strength and his activity as a wrestler. His strength stands him in good stead for he works hard at his business, carrying heavy sacks of flour in his mill for many hours during the day and frequently far into the night. Active as he is, and strong as he is, there was a time not long distant when he was as helpless as an infant and suffered intolerable agony. About three years ago, while residing at Windsor Mills, he was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism. It grew worse and worse until, in spite of medical advice and prescriptions, after a year's illness he had a stroke of paralysis. His right arm and leg became quite useless. Sores broke out on both legs. He suffered excruciating agony, and had rest neither day nor night. He sought the best medical advice that could be obtained, but no hopes were held out to him by the physicians. "He will certainly die within a month," one well known practitioner told his friends. "He will be a cripple for life," said two other doctors. It is no wonder that, as he says, life became a burden to him and he longed for death to relieve him from his sufferings. This was in August, 1892. About October of that year he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and as a forlorn hope determined to try them. He did so, and before long was able to take outdoor exercise. He persevered with the treatment, closely following the directions, and is today nearly as strong as when a young man, and is able to follow successfully and without difficulty the laborious calling by which he gets a living.

Such was the wonderful story told the Gazette by Mr. Hopkins, who attributes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he is willing to satisfy any person who may call on him as to their wonderful effects.

A depraved condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of most ills that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which I gave him and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

House Full of Steam!

A big fire, heavy lifting, hard work is the usual way of doing the wash . . . . . .

There is an **easier** and cleaner way.

A TEA KETTLE

will give all the hot water required when

Surprise Soap

is used **according to the directions on the wrapper.** It does away with boiling or scalding the clothes and all that miss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner, washed in this way.

Thousands use **Surprise Soap** on wash day, why don't you?

© 1892. THE ST. CROIX SOAP MF'G. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

I'll never say anything against balloon sleeves again Samantha, yours saved me from drowning.

A MAN MADE HAPPY.—Gentlemen,—For five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable, and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was rest neither day nor night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery this unhappy state has all been changed, and I am a well man. I can assure you my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that is specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH.
General Merchant.

Abercorn, P. Q.

Lady (picking up an apple and biting it)—"Are these eating apples?" Dealer—"No, marm; but you are."

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

"I understand that Willoughby was half seas over at the Sneerwell dinner." "Oh no. He was sailing into Port when I left."

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

A bad book is the worst that it cannot repent.

Parmelee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

The sure way to be cheated is to fancy ourselves more cunning than others.

Mr. Joab Scales, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

A grateful thought towards heaven is of itself a prayer.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

If you would know and not be known, live in a city.

Do you feel as though your friends had all deserted you, business calamities overwhelmed you, your body refusing to perform its duties, and even the sun had taken refuge behind a cloud? Then use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and hope will return and despondency disappear. Mr. R. H. Baker, Ingoldsby, writes: "I am completely cured of Dyspepsia that caused me great suffering for three years. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the medicine that effected the cure after trying many other medicines."

When anger rises, think of the consequences.

MESSRS. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is now being sold in immense qualities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Her Grace.

The following is a new version of an old, old story. Wonderful is the enlargement and adaptability of the chestnut.

An English woman of rank, a duchess, while kind-hearted in the main was careless about many matters which affected the happiness of others, particularly the tradespeople whom she patronized. She was apt to forget to pay her bills until annoyance and sometimes distress resulted.

A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of ten years, to beg for the money which was so much needed. "Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother; and the child gravely promised to remember.

When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess' presence, the little girl dropped a low courtesy and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly, "For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful." As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that lighthearted person flushed very red, and without delay made out the check for the amount due to the milliner.

The little girl, happy in the belief that she had done the errand exactly as she had been told, departed joyfully; but the quickwitted duchess knew that the lesson she had received had never been intended, and felt its reproof all the more.

"Wusser Nor That."

Wordsworth's Peter Bell, to whose practical mind

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

is paralleled by the sexton of a rural church in England.

The rector asked him why a rich parishioner had stopped coming to church, and whether the trouble was Latitudinarianism. He answered:

"No sir! it's wusser nor that."

"Then it must be Unitarianism?"

"No, sir! wusser nor that."

"Ah! perhaps it is Agnosticism?"

"Oh, no, sir! It's wusser nor that."

"But it can't be Atheism?"

"No, sir! It's wusser nor that."

"But there can't be anything worse than Atheism."

"Oh, yes, sir! It's rheumatism."

She Knew.

Mrs. Von Blumer (flourishing a mass of papers)—"My dear, I wish you would show me how to pay all these bills."

Von Blumer—"You don't mean to say you have forgotton how to make out a check already!"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"But I—"

Von Blumer—"Exactly. Don't know whether to write out the figures or not. Don't know whether the check should be signed or endorsed on the back. My dear woman, didn't I give you $500 three weeks ago to open up a bank account with, so I wouldn't have to be bothered about it any more?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"You did."

Von Blumer—"And didn't I spend nearly half a day in showing you how to make out a check?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"Certainly. But—"

Von Blumer—"But you forgot it the next day, and I had to show you all over again. My dear, can you sign your name?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"Of course. I wish—"

Von Blumer—"Can you read the printed part of a check?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"Won't you—"

Von Blumer—"Then can't you fill it in? Here's a bill, for instance. First satisfy yourself that the amount is correct. Then fill out your stub, then the check. Sign it, tear it out, and mail it with the bill."

Mrs. Von Blumer—"I know how to make out a check, you stupid man!"

Von Blumer—"Then I'd like to know what's the matter?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"Why, there's no more money in the bank."

"He's a Little Feller."

Walking down the street the other day I saw a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a dirty, ragged old handkerchief, and as I sat down alongside he cautioned,—

"Look out, now, don't hurt him."

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow just able to fly.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was tuckered."

"What will you do with him?"

"Get him good and warm and let him go. He is such a little feller, and so he orter have a fair show."

"And he shall!" said I.

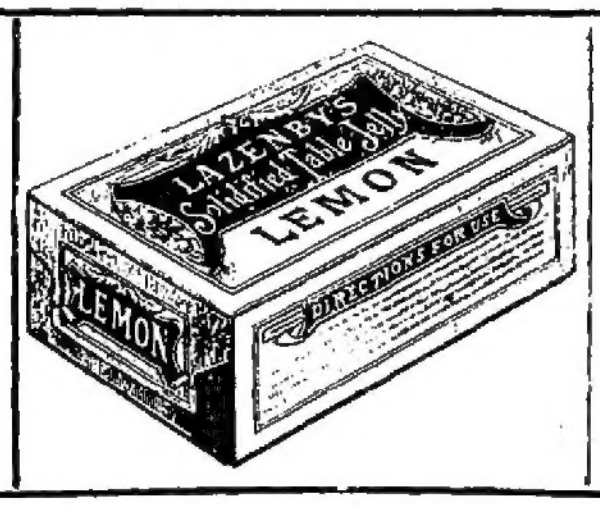
I added my efforts to Jack's, and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction in a series of chirps. Jack lifted him, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a cornice.

"He's all right now, Jack."

"Yes, 'cause he's had a boost. Boys kin git along most anyhow," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold blast sweeping up from the river, "but birds is such little fellers that we've got to sort o' h'ist and tote 'em round now and then. He's all right now, and we're all right, and good-bye to you."

"Good-bye, Jackie," I said, involuntarily raising my hat as the tattered, kind-hearted chappie flew round the corner.

FOR DINNER :-: PARTIES



LAZENBY'S JELLY is the Best.

Danger of Delay.

If we were allowed to look into the future and see the fatal consequences that follow a neglected cold, how different would our course be; could we realize our danger, how speedily we would seek a cure; but with many it is only when the monster disease has fastened its fangs upon our lungs that we awaken to our folly. What follows a neglected cold? Is it not disease of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and many other diseases of like nature? It is worse than madness to neglect a cold, and it is folly not to have some good remedy available for this frequent complaint. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs, is Bickle's Anti-consumptive Syrup. This medicine is composed of several medicinal herbs, which exert a most wonderful influence in curing consumption and other diseases of the lungs and chest. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, soothes irritation and drives the disease from the system.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise, will lite be fled.

The Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels, etc., act as so many waste gates for the escape of effete matter and gases from the body. The use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery helps them to discharge their duty. Mr. W. H. Lester, H. M. Customs, Toronto, writes: "I have personally tested the health giving properties of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and can testify as to its great value."

One of the ill-effects of cruelty is that it makes the bystander cruel.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery, or diarrhœa and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

Violence in the voice is often the death rattle of reason in the throat.

Mr. J. R. Allen, Upholsterer, Toronto, sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Inward Piles and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and before one bottle was used the benefit she derived from it was beyond our expectation."

PHRENOLOGY Lessons in French and Higher Mathematics. Mrs. Mordon 347 Gerrard St. East.

DETECTIVE by mail or private Detective under best methods. Experience unnecessary. Send for particulars. National Detective Bureau, Indianapolis, Ind.

CHEAP HAIR GOODS CHEAP

Switches made from the first quality of cut hair

18 inches	$1.00
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BANGS

Made of Natural Curly Hair, in any desired style or shade from

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TORONTO.

5 Gallons St. Leon Cures Indigestion

J. H. Adams, Esq., Wine and Liquor Mer ant, Brantford:—

DEAR SIR,—This is to certify that my wife has been a great sufferer from indigestion for a number of years. After using St. Leon Water, five gallons we got from you, she got all right, and is now in perfect good health. J. S. BARWELL, St. George Rd., Brantford Tp.

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO. Ltd.

Head Office—King St. W., Toronto.

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ALL DEALERS.

Love's Subterfuge.

I was sitting out in front of the tavern in a mountain town where I made my headquarters one summer when a lank mountaineer, about twenty years old, rode up on a mule and greeted me by name, although I could not exactly place him. He dismounted, and coming to where I was, he sat down quite close to me.

"Colonel," he said, in a low, cautious tone, "you kin respeck a man's feelin's cain't yer?"

"I think I can, if I know what they are," I answered, slightly uncertain as to what was expected of me.

"Well, I'm in this sort of a fix," he proceeded, very confidentially, after giving a hitch to the box he was sitting on. "I've been goin' ter see old man Mullins's gal Susan, an' she's tuck to me like a wet kitten to a hot brick, but she kinder hankers after money."

"Most women do," I ventured.

"I reckon yer more'n half right," he admitted, with a sigh. "Anyhow Susan tol' me to-day I wuz too pore, an' when I disputed the p'int she said ez how I didn't have a cent ter my name, an' when I tol' her she did'nt know what she was talkin' about, she up an' said, she did, that ef I could show her seven dollars she'd nab me in two shakes uv a lamb's tail. Then I said, I did, ez how I'd have to go home after hit, an' I come ter you. You gi'me the money, an' hol' that mule fer hit till I git back yer agin won't yer?"

The proposition seemed fair enough, for the young man was honest and very earnest, so I held the mule, and he went away on foot holding the seven dollars. While he was gone I got to thinking and when he came back I lay for him.

"Did you get her?" I asked, as I returned the seven dollars to my pocket.

"In course I did," he replied, triumphantly, "fer Susan's a gal uv her word."

"By-the-way," I asked, as he mounted the mule "why did you come to me for the money? The mule was worth a good deal more than seven dollars. Why did'nt you call the young lady's attention to that?"

He winked slyly as he dug his heels into the mule's ribs.

"Caze, Colonel," he laughed. "Susan knowed hit warn't my mule."

Then as he rode away merrily toward Susan's I pondered profoundly on what a queer little cuss Cupid is.

Umbrellas and Overshoes.

"I took a favorite umbrella to be recovered," said a man the other day. "It was raining at the time, and the umbrella-maker, who was somewhat cynical, remarked that many of his customers never looked at their umbrellas till it began to pour. Then they discovered that they were in an evil case, with nothing to hold between them and the sky."

Umbrellas and overshoes should be at hand for every member of the family, and should, of course, especially the former, be held strictly as personal property. It is not a bad plan, however, to have two or three lending-umbrellas on hand, so that if a guest be overtaken by a tempest, he or she may be accommodated without occasioning inconvenience to the family. Servants should be enjoined to keep their own umbrellas, and also to be provided with rain-cloaks and overshoes. They are notoriously careless in this regard.

"Children Cry For It."

Not to Castoria, which may be good enough in its place, do I have reference, but a simple home-made remedy for constipation, one that is cheap, easily made, and that can be always on hand. Costiveness is the bane of many a young child's life, and many mothers aggravate the evils they endeavor to obliterate, by their injudicious use of medicines.

Until I learned of the prune syrup, I was opposed to all laxatives, using only glycerine suppositories, and I still maintain that they are highly beneficial in their effects. But finding from experience that in some out-of-the-way places they are hard to obtain, I recommend the following:

Procure the finest quality of dried prunes that can be obtained. To one half pound of this fruit add rather more than one pint of water, and set upon the back of the stove where they will cook slowly. When they are thoroughly reduced to a pulp, pour into a cheese-cloth bag (previously prepared) and squeeze carefully, so that all the juice and "meat" of the fruit will be extracted. Pour into a bottle, cork well and set in the refrigerator.

About a teaspoonful when "babykins" awakens will keep him regular. An older child will perhaps require a tablespoonful both morning and evening. This taken in connection with nature's physic—fresh air and exercise, and simplicity of living—will soon effectively cure the worst cases of constipation.

A mother who is always drugging her child is certainly good to two persons, the druggist and the doctor, but that is about all. A babe who is always, "without rhyme or reason," being physicked, is sure to be puny, delicate and unhealthy and is ready at any moment to drop into an untimely grave. If you once begin to give aperients, you will find a difficulty in discontinuing them. But the giving of this prune syrup is attended with no deleterious effects.

The "chapel cars" that have been run in the West by one or two denominations have now been followed by a Sunday-school car, the "Good News," which has been built and fitted up, at a cost of about eight thousand dollars, to propagate Sunday-school work througout the West. Its use is given free by a man who withholds his name at present, and a corps of competent Sunday-school workers will travel on it from place to place, holding services in each town and village.

DON'T LET ANOTHER WASH-DAY GO BY WITHOUT USING

YOU will find that it will do what no other soap can do, and will please you every way.

It is Easy, Clean, and Economical to wash with this soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

The Italic Method.

The following is the best imitation we have ever seen of the society girl's manner of conversing. "Don't you ever *breathe* a word to anybody about it, on *any* account," whispered one of the young ladies who had made so much excitement, to her room-mate that night. "But that handsome fellow with the guitar *did* meet us just outside the Cathedral this morning, and *did* ask us to go down to the shore, and say he would sing for us, and *did* get us into a boat, and *did* row us away into one of those caves under the cliffs on the shore, and sing a little while—too lovely divine for anything, too! and then proposed to *both* of us, and said he understood he could have as many wives as he wished in *America*, and Jen *just* enjoyed it, but I didn't; and when we both *refused* him, he threatened to keep us there on maccaroni and water *till* we consented, and *just* as we were getting ready to cry, the Dolebeers came in there with their boat and a boatman, and *we* asked them to let us go with them, and *so* we transferred to their boat, and *he* left in a hurry, and we *made* the Dolebeers promise never to tell anybody of it, and *you* won't, will you now, forever and ever, dear?"

And of course all of them kept their word; but the whole party were talking it over before they arrived at Messina.

Injurious Effects of Too Much Haste.

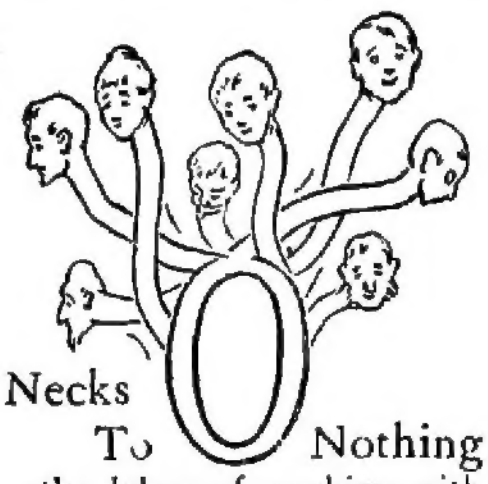
In prescribing for a patient the other day, a physician, who is a specialist in nervous difficulties, declared that a young woman under his charge was literally killing herself by too rapid movements.

"She is not satisfied," he said, "with going about and doing things in a quiet, ordinary way, but actually rushes through with her work and continually overtaxes herself. She cannot be convinced that a little more deliberation might accomplish just as much and save her strength. So firmly is this habit of haste fixed upon her that she will run up and down stairs when there is no need for hurry, and indeed when there is no possible pretext for doing it."

The doctor's prescription was: A good deal more deliberation, a large amount of rest and pleasant occupation. The world is full of people who are rushing themselves to ruin of health as fast as they can go. They not only rush, but worry, and between the two, subject their nervous systems to more wear and tear than anything short of wrought steel would endure.

He: How do you like Lord Foppington, Miss Barrow? Miss Barrow: Not at all. He can't pronounce his r's, and I do detest being addressed as Miss Bowwow.

Mrs. Margaret Plotser, recently challenged any woman of her age in the world to ride a bicycle race for a prize Bible. The challenge will probably not be accepted as she is ninety-three years of age. Mrs. Plotser says her challenge is issued in good faith and she hopes it will be accepted. She makes daily excursions on her wheel and maintains that she has been greatly benefited by its use.



Necks To Nothing

—the labor of washing with *Pearline*. The dirt comes out without scrubbing; the clothes are cleaned without wear and tear. Nothing can be hurt; nothing can be slighted. Use *Pearline* and you won't be used up. You can't touch it without saving something. It costs little to begin with, but saves all the way through.

Beware of imitations which are being peddled from door to door. First quality goods do not require such desperate methods to sell them. PEARLINE sells on its merits, as it is manufactured only by [illegible] JAMES PYLE, New York

COUNTRY COUSINS AND CITY HOSPITALITY.

I wonder what's come between Mandy Soule and her folks? She didn't have any of them this summer, and her hired man told the deacon that she's sent five barrels winter apples to the hospital instead of to her nieces.

"Guess her visit to them didn't pan out very well last winter. She came home kind of hurried and was as dumb as an oyster about her trip," nodded Mrs. Harkins, as the boy poured her molasses. "Laws me! I should think they'd make everything of her, if she went to them. She's had 'em several summers, and those children were a sight of care last summer," replied Mrs. Deacon Timms going out.

I smiled grimly; my worthy neighbors thought I had gone, but I had to wait a few moments near the store window and couldn't help hearing their remarks.

I'm "Mandy Soule" to every one in Skilton and "dear Aunt Amanda" to my three neices; or rather I was. I don't think they regard me as affectionately now.

My nieces are all married and live in Boston. They have been spending their vacations with me each summer, thereby saving hotel expenses. When they were about to go home, each insisted on having me visit her.

"Come to us surely this winter, dear Aunt Amanda. We shall not think of making company of you. You will enjoy the city so much," said Mrs. Dean, my neice, who is "in society," as she bade me a tearful farewell.

"As for us, dear Auntie, we are tired of pleading with you to come. The girls often say, during the concert season, 'How much Aunt Amanda would enjoy being here.' Just come any time. You needn't let us know, as you will be welcome at any time," called out my nervous rheumatic niece, as the train started.

"Good-by, dear, dear Aunt Amanda. We have had such a lovely summer. I wish we could stay with you. Now do come to me this winter. You will enjoy the trip, and it will be a real pleasure to entertain you. Paul will be delighted, and you know how the children love you. Good-by again, my dear. Do not forget us," and I half believed that my youngest neice would be really glad to have me.

Her husband is a banker, and she has a beautiful home. Her three children had kept me at my wits' end all summer, but I missed them when they were gone. The house seemed strangely quiet.

"Cynthy, I'm going to Boston. I haven't felt real chipper for a month. I guess I'm getting tired of the sameness of my life up here. I'll go to Martha Dean's first, and then I'll go and visit my other nieces," I said one day to my maid of all work.

"I wouldn't marm," volunteered Cynthy, as she hung up the dish towel, "It's a long jaunt, and the weather's cold and raw, and you'll be liable to get more neuralgy."

"I'll risk it, Cynthy. I guess it's the dreary weather that's making me feel out of sorts. You and Hiram can manage the farm, and I'll have Hall's boy come over and help. I packed the few things I really needed into my valise, I didn't want to take a trunk until I decided whether or not I should make a long stay. When I arrived in Boston I was tired and cold. Being a stranger I was rather timid about the street cars, and hired a cab to take me to Mrs. Dean's.

As I walked up the marble steps and rang the bell I began to feel nervous. A daintily attired maid ushered me into the reception room, and said respectfully, "Who shall I say it is, marm?"

"Tell Mrs. Dean it's her aunt," I replied, untying my bonnet. I waited and waited until I had grown tired of everything in the room. Finally Martha rustled in.

"Why, Aunt Amanda! I am so glad to see you. Give me your wraps and do try and make yourself at home. Please excuse me for a while, I have a few notes to answer. You will find all the new magazines on the table," and she left me. I looked at the books and papers until lunch was announced. "Claud," said Martha, in a stage whisper to her husband in the hall, "Aunt Amanda is here. The Dawson's are coming to dinner. What shall I do with her?"

I didn't hear Claud's reply as Martha fluttered in to me. "Come to lunch, auntie, and do please pardon my seeming neglect. I had so many things to do."

"I don't want you to make company of me. I'm accustomed to amusing myself. I'm going to Polly's this afternoon," I answered slowly.

"Must you go? I was anticipating a long, delightful visit. You will surely come to me again before you go home."

I started for Polly's. She is a widow with two grown daughters. She lives in a shabby, genteel neighborhood, and seems to have a hard time trying to make a good appearance on a small income.

She received me effusively. The girls were in their morning wrappers, and had their hair in crimping pins, although it was four o'clock. I pleaded to be allowed to rest a little while, and Polly arranged some pillows on the sofa in her room. I was soon asleep. While dreaming of my well-filled tea table at home, I was awakened by voices in the next room.

"You must keep her up here tonight, ma, when the boys come. I'll be disgraced if she tells about our summers in Skilton. The Dunbars think we were at the springs."

"Yes, do, ma. That brown dress is a fright. She might at least come to us more stylishly clad," and the younger girl giggled.

Rising, I brushed my hair and looked at the clock. It was almost tea time, and I decided to go to Mrs. Paul Smith's. Polly expressed great sorrow at my departure.

"Do stay, Aunt Amanda. The girls are going to have company to-night, and you and I can sit up here and have a good comfortable chat."

Gathering my belongings I started for Mrs. Smith's, fully determined that Polly and her girls had spent their last vacation at Skilton. Mrs. Smith's family were at tea, and a childish voice called out as I waited in the hall, "Ma, here's a funny old woman."

"Why, Harry dear, it's our auntie, who let you play with the chickens. I am glad to see you, dear Aunt Amanda," and Minnie embraced me. "We have just got back from mother's, and the house is awfully upset. I'm sorry I didn't know you were coming. However, I'll try and make you comfortable. Paul has gone to New York, and my cook has left me, so we have a picked-up supper. Sit here near Harry and I will tell Annette to make fresh tea," and Minnie tried to look pleased. I spent a wretched night. My room was small, close and near the nursery. The baby fretted all night, and kept me awake. Minnie endeavored to entertain me next day by reciting her husband's business losses and the hardship she was undergoing in not being able to do as she pleased about having company. The children were rude and noisy, and I decided that there was no place like home, and started next morning.

"Hullo, Mandy!" called out Deacon Timms, as I got off the train. "Homesick?"

"Yes," I answered shortly.

"That's right, Mandy. No place like home. Feels like snow, don't it?"

I hired Harkins' team and the boy drove me to my house. Cynthy welcomed me heartily. "I declare if you ain't just in time to miss getting caught in a snowstorm," she said tearfully, as she brushed a few flakes from my coat.

"Build a fire in the sitting-room, Cynthy, and we'll have our tea in there. I'm glad I'm home. I've got enough of gallivanting."

Resting by my open fire with a good cupful of tea beside me, I had an interview with myself. The result of that interview was that I had no company this summer, except two young girls from a working girls' home, and I've invited them to come up next Summer.—Good Housekeeping.

The smallest woman on earth lives in Holland. She is Mlle Pauline, is eighteen years old, weighs 10 pounds and is 1 foot 9 inches tall. Her parents and all her numerous brothers and sister are tall and well developed. The midget of the family is kept at home and, unlike most little people of mature years, will not be exhibited in museums.

Cremation is successful in Boston. The society whose crematory is near the Forest Hills Cemetery reports forty incinerations in the first five months, the number increasing monthly. All classes were represented, and all ages, from five years to ninety-four. Time occupied in reducing the body to ashes about ninety minutes.

It is better to be an old maid than to marry somebody you don't want, just for the sake of being married.

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP.

A Soap that is all Soap is Buttermilk Toilet Soap.

If you have ever used it, then you know what pure soap is, and what it means to be sweet, clean and happy.

Buttermilk Toilet Soap is for sale by all dealers. Price, 10 cents. By mail, 12 cents.

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Will find our Splendid Art Specialties standard, salable at sight and of the best character, and our dealings prompt, honorable and liberal. You can take up the business for two or three months, or even for but one month, and make it pay, or if you have only a few hours per day one day in the week, you can employ every spare hour and make it all count.

We Trust You. We send all pictures prepaid to your home. We receive back all pictures in good order not sold. This is the most liberal offer ever made, and the pictures are the handsomest and fastest selling art works ever placed in the hands of agents. You can secure without expense an honorable, legitimate and very profitable business.

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GENTLEMEN:—Please send by mail, securely packed, and all charges prepaid, 6 New Post Selling Oil Pictures, all different subjects, full 15x21 inches in size, which I agree to sell if I can and remit the sum of One Dollar, or return those unsold, in good order, and postage paid, within thirty days from the time they are received by me.

My Name .....

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VIENNA CERATE PIMPLES POSITIVELY CURES

THE WORST CASE OF PIMPLES on the face, neck or other parts. Not a cure-all, but a specific remedy for pimples. Price 50c. by mail. Vienna Pharmacal Co., FLETT & CO., Druggists, Agents, TORONTO, CANADA.

How to Grow Hyacinths.

Get good bulbs, even though they are a little more expensive than inferior ones. It pays best in the end, and twenty first-rate flower spikes on a garden bed make a better show than twice that number of second or third-rate flowers. Plant your bulbs in good ordinary garden soil, dug up with some inches of well decayed manure. Then put your bulbs three inches under ground, leaving a distance of five or six inches between them. Put a little sand round each bulb, and cover with soil. That is all, and if you cover your hyacinth bed during the winter with leaves, straw, or pulverized manure, you will find in March that you have hyacinths which, for beauty and fragrance, are superior to any other spring flowers.

But you must have hyacinths indoors, in glasses and pots. You want to watch them day by day as they unfold. It is an interesting process. First, then, about those in glasses. If you want them to flower in December put them in at once; the rest later on. Fill a hyacinth glass with pure pond or rain water, and put a few grains of salt in each glass to keep the water clear. Let the bulb just touch the water with its lower surface. Put the glasses away in a cool dark place for four or five weeks, by which time the roots have grown strong. Then bring them into the light in a living room, but do not let them stand over the fire or in a dry atmosphere. Add a little water as the first supply evaporates, otherwise don't touch the bulb; and if the water becomes muddy it must be changed. This is all; for the rest the bulb takes care of itself.

To grow hyacinths, or indeed any other bulbous plants for spring flowers in pots, you want good light soil; loam, with a liberal mixture of old cow manure, a little leaf mold and sand, is best. Provide drainage, and keep worms out. Then fill with soil, putting the bulb in the centre, so as to allow the point to be on a level with the surface. Press the soil firmly down, water well, and cover the pots in an out-of-the-way corner of the garden for a few weeks. Then, when the the roots are well advanced, put the plants in a greenhouse or room in the house where they are to flower. Place them near the light, keep well watered, and by February and March you will have hyacinths in perfection.

ORIGIN OF THE PRESENT STYLE IN HEAD GEAR.

"Col. Spouter claims that the women supported him during his campaign, if the men didn't."

"Yes; his wife took in washing and his mother plain sewing."

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

What the Mule Said.

A civil engineer tells this story:

While overseeing a gang of men who, with mule teams, were hauling loads of dirt, a friend of mine, a ventriloquist—came up and stood by my side, watching the men at work.

Presently a mule, driven by a large, redheaded and fiery tempered Irishman, balked when right in front of where my friend and I were standing. The Irishman soon lost his temper, and began to belabor the animal with his whip. Every now and then the mule would turn and look reproachfully at the angry Irishman, but still refused to budge.

"Now just watch the Irishman," the ventriloquist whispered in my ear.

At that moment Pat, losing all patience, gave the animal a tremendous kick in the ribs with his heavy boot.

The mule turned his head, and, looking the Irishman in the face, opened his mouth—

"Don't you do that again!" The voice sounded as though it came direct from between the mule's parted lips.

The whip dropped from the Irishman's hand. For a moment he stared at the mule, and then, without uttering a word, he whirled about and bolted down the street as fast as his two legs could take him.

A Skeleton in the Closet.

How often do we hear of this in domestic life at this day. But what is more appalling than the living body made repulsive with skin and scalp diseases, saultrheum, tetter, eczema and scrofulous sores and swellings. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the positive cure for all of these diseases. If taken in time, it also cures Lung-scrofula, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption. By druggists.

KEYSER, N. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: DEAR SIR,—When about three years old I was taken with mumps, also had fever, finally I had that dreaded disease Scrofula. The most eminent physicians in this section treated me to no avail. I had running scrofulous sores on left side of neck and face. I was small and weakly when eight or nine years old, and in fact was nearly a skeleton. Six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery wrought marvelous changes. Although the sores were healed in eight months, I did not quit taking it until I was sure it had been entirely routed from my system. The only sign left of the dreadful disease are the scars which ever remind me of how near death's door I was until rescued by the "Discovery." I am now eighteen years old and weigh 148 pounds; and have not been sick in five years.

Yours respectfully,
HARVEY M. HOLLEMAN
Agt. for Seaboard Air Line.

For constipation and headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

"I have sometimes thought that our public schools undertake to teach too much, and that the older system, which taught the three R's and taught them well, leaving natural selection to decide who should go farther, was the better," said Lowell.

When a right principle so possesses men's souls that defeat only spurs them on and death itself cannot destroy their influence, which, therefore, finally issues in the complete triumph of that principle, then those baffled heroes are in Paul's view more than conquerors.

N.B. TRADE MARK THE VARNISHED BOARD ON WHICH THE GOODS ARE WRAPPED.

Priestley's Dress Fabrics

In the long run it is the quality of the material that will determine the success of a lady's costume. Every lady who has at all studied the matter knows this. Priestley's Black Dress Goods are the best that the market affords. That is conceded on all hands. The ladies of Great Britain cordially acknowledge it. The American ladies prefer Priestley's dress fabrics to French. Our Canadian ladies are now asking for them. They wear better than other goods; but their great charm consists in a peculiar richness and softness of appearance, and a flexibility which enables them to drape in the costume with that suggestion of flow and rhythm which it is the dream of all tasteful women to realise.

G

I must not forget to have some

BABY'S OWN SOAP

ordered to-day.

The Happiest Life.

The happiest life is the humble lot
  Contented with plenty and peace,
With a tender wife to brighten your cot
  And love ever on the increase;
Given health and strength and plenty to do
  In which body and mind partake,
And a heart that trusts in God as true,
  Such never makes life a mistake!

Such an one will not envy wealth or power,
  Twin-brothers to Worry and Care,
But will make the most of each golden hour,
  And of pleasures will have his share;
His sleep will be sweet as a babe's at rest,
  His heart will be hopeful and free,—
At forty or fifty he'll look his best,
  And a ripe old age shall he see!

How often I've heard the wealthy complain
  Of anxiety, loss and care,
And often the mortal that lives for gain
  Dies the victim of dark Despair;
While around his death-bed in dismal mope,
  Stand Jealousy, Envy, and Greed,
At peace for a time by the fervent hope
  Of remembrance in will or deed.

Dear brother, toil on, looking up to God,
  Each day hath an evening of rest,
The lowliest flower that gems the sod
  May be of all flowers the best,
The happiest life is the humble one,
  Power and wealth are often a snare,
Content, love, and peace is Heaven begun,
  For the blessing of God is there!

Toronto. JOHN IMRIE.

You should get a copy of the Third Edition of John Imrie's Poems containing about 400 pages, neatly bound in cloth and gold, and will be sent, post free, on receipt of one dollar. Imrie, Graham & Co., 31 Church Street, Toronto, Canada.

"Tommy, I wish you'd try to be a gentleman."

"I do try, mamma."

"Well, you don't succeed very well."

"No, mamma. I guess it ain't in the blood."

MEN AND WOMEN TO WORK AT HOME

I pay $8 to $16 per week for making crayon portraits by new patented method; any one who can read or write can do the work at home, in spare time, day or evening. Send for particulars and work at once.
H. A. GRIPP, German Artist, Tyrone, Pa.

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